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WORSHIP AND WORK.

WORSHIP AND WORK:

OR, THE

Life of Dea. Samuel Morse,

OF

HOPKINTON, MASS.

BY J. C. WEBSTER.

INTRODUCTION, BY REV. E. DOWSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY, AND APPROVED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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TO

THE PEOPLE

To whom he has so long ministered in the Gospel,
with the sincere and earnest desire that it may promote
their good Christian fellowship, and increase the
activity of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ,

THIS LITTLE BOOK

Is most affectionately

DEDICATED, BY ITS

AUTHOR.

Hopkinton, Aug. 21, 1800.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is a great want of this age that the laymen of the church should be brought into more active service. They are now very generally suffering from partial inactivity. While they bow devoutly before the altar, they do not put forth corresponding efforts for the spread of the gospel over the earth. They consequently develop an imperfect character, and often become spiritually morbid and melancholy. If, while they do not diminish aught of the spirit, or the form, of *prayer*, they should engage earnestly in the *work* of the Lord, they would become more symmetrical and cheerful. They would also give a new impulse to the cause of religion in the world. Every lay member of the church has at least one talent — that he may use to advantage in the service of his Master. Though he does not stand in the pulpit, nor administer

the ordinances of religion, yet he fills a sphere in which he may often speak and act for Christ. Not only so, but his whole life may be a series of Christian labors. In proportion as these moral forces of the church are brought into vigorous exercise, the Christian ministry is relieved and assisted in its appropriate work; the truth is more generally and forcibly presented and illustrated to the world; and the cause of religion prospers. We have examples of this in every revival of religion. It appears evident that there is a work to be done, in converting the world to Christ, that can be performed only by the lay membership of the church, and that all proper means should be used to bring this element into active service. We occasionally meet with a layman who combines a spirit of devotion with a life of earnest and effective labor. Such an one was Harlan Page. Such an one, if we mistake not, was the subject of the following memoir. Deacon Morse appears to have obeyed the first impulses of life in the Christian soul, devoting himself to the *worship* of God, and at the same time to *labors* for the salvation of men. While he was not wanting in the closet, at the domestic altar, in the social meeting, and in the sanctuary, he was diligent in the use of the means in his pos-

session for diffusing the truth of God and winning souls to Christ. Personal conversation, the Bible, the tract, and epistolary correspondence, were brought into requisition by him in the prosecution of this work to an extent that is by no means common. His personal labors extended over many towns, and it is worthy of remark, that his influence in all these places was most happy upon the cause of Christ. It was his uniform endeavor to strengthen the ministry, to unite and arouse the children of God, and to lead sinners to repentance. He will long be remembered with great interest by his brethren who survive him in the towns; and his influence will remain here for good, while his body moulders back to dust, and his spirit lives and rejoices with Christ in glory. It is a noticeable fact that, when on his dying bed, he selected two passages for the discourse at his funeral so descriptive of his life. The first was, the words of the Psalmist, "I have loved the habitation of thine house." The second was, the injunction of the wise man, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." This love of the worship of God, and his unwearied labors for his cause, could not have been expressed in more appropriate language. And now, that he is no more with the living, it seems desirable

that his memoir should be given to the world, for the honor of divine grace, and for an example of what a layman of common capacities and limited privileges may accomplish for his Master, and the salvation of men. It is believed that this memoir will be read with interest and profit by the children of God, and especially by that large circle of Christian friends among whom he so long lived and labored. It is published with the hope and prayer that it may stimulate others to *worship* and *work*, and thus serve to develop the latent energies of the church.

WORSHIP AND WORK.

CHAPTER I.

THE STATEMENT AND PARENTAGE.

EVERYWHERE we see variety in unity. The works of the divine hand are full of it. The forest is one, yet no two trees, branches, twigs or leaves are alike. The human family is one, and yet its diversity is endless. And the individual man forms no exception. He is a perfect unit, but composed of many parts. And this is true, whether we consider body and soul together, or each by itself. He divides and subdivides, yet he is one. And every division has its correspond-

ing faculty and office. The body has its parts and each part its appropriate gift. The soul has its attributes, and each attribute its peculiar function. And all are adapted to work together with a perfect and delightful harmony, that infinitely surpasses the best adjusted human mechanism.

This principle of unity in man is primarily spiritual, having its origin in the soul, and growing out of its relation and supreme obligation to the *one* only living and true God, in whom is centered the unity of the whole world. And it is most delightfully exhibited in the performance of two most important offices, which perfectly harmonize, and include every other, even the minutest operation of the human soul. One of these offices is *Worship*, which consists of the distinct recognition, honor, and reverence for God. The other is *Work*, — the work that involves the obligations and duties between man and man; but dependent upon and springing

from the allegiance, which he owes directly to the Supreme Object of worship.

Now we can hardly conceive of a more perfect Christian character than one which shall combine, in due proportion, these two respective offices of worship and work. But though we cannot expect to find such a character fully realized in the person of any mere mortal, we do here and there find a man who more nearly approximates to it than most of those that profess to be Christians. And no examples of such a character are more interesting and useful than those whom we occasionally meet with in the common walks of life. None are more worthy of record than those of faithful Christian laymen. Because none bring God and spiritual realities nearer, and render them more appreciable by the great mass of mankind, who are found in the middle and lower grades of society. A representative of their own will

receive, as he justly merits, more of their consideration.

Such, therefore, are the motives, which have led to the publication of the following sketch of the life and character of Deacon Samuel Morse. He was born of respectable parentage, in Hopkinton, Mass., March 1, 1792, and lived and died on the homestead at the age of 67, Sept. 20, 1859. By occupation, he was a farmer, and his farm a good specimen of the old-fashioned homesteads scattered here and there over the rural districts, a few miles from the centers of our New England villages. He enjoyed but meager literary advantages in his youth. His education, therefore, was limited. And it is not known that he was distinguished at all, in early life, from other boys of his age. But, as he ripened into manhood, he imbibed an ardent love for the house and the vineyard of his Lord and Master. His zeal for the sanctuary and service of God was

such as to present one of the most striking illustrations of a character made up of Christian worship and work. And it is in this double aspect that it will here be chiefly exhibited.

CHAPTER II.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING AND EXPERIENCE.

RELIGIOUS character naturally first develops itself in worship. And, in the order of Divine Providence, it has its foundation in a kind, but strict religious education, sanctioned, vitalized, and applied by the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit. First, taught to worship by pious guardians in the infant prayer, at the domestic altar and the public sanctuary; and then feeling the sacred fire kindled in the soul by the hand of God himself, the principle of devotion cannot fail to constitute the basis of a truly religious character, and be its earliest and fullest manifestation in the life. Of the truth of this proposition, Deacon Morse was a fair exam-

ple. His parents were worthy members of the Congregational Church, and devoted their children to God in baptism, though, in later years, they changed their views, and became Baptists. They evidently possessed a good deal of the Puritan spirit. In quite a copious diary, which Deacon Morse has kept for several years, he has thus recorded his recollection of their discipline:

"I had a religious education. Though there were no Sabbath Schools at that day, yet great attention was paid to family government. Strict observance of the Sabbath was maintained. Although my father lived four and a half miles from church, as soon as we were old enough to ride on a pillion or walk, we were obliged to go to meeting. Well do I remember the conscientious scruples of my father and mother, not to allow any calls, or receive any company, and to get every thing prepared for the Sabbath on the evening before. Work was laid aside,

and the Bible, and Dr. Emmons', and Dr. Hopkins' Sermons were placed upon the table. Reading and prayer closed up the week. And, at the usual hour of rising, we were all called to join in the services of the Sabbath." * * * "Well do I remember the strivings of the Holy Spirit while in childhood. Often did the sermon take hold of my feelings, so that I used to retire to the barn to pray. And when we were all gathered around our mother to say the Assembly's Catechism, and hear her read from the old Primer, the story of "Christ, Youth, and the Devil;" and, from the Bible, the stories of the "Forty Wicked Children devoured by Bears;" of "David and Goliah;" of "Joseph" and "Samuel;" how many times have I turned away and wept, and wished I might be good like little Samuel of old! Now, while I write too, I seem to see our venerable pastor, the Rev. Nathaniel Howe, coming to meet us children at the school-

house, to hear us repeat the Assembly's Catechism. His closing remarks and prayer left an impression upon my youthful mind like a stamp upon the wax."

When he was seventeen years old, the accidental and sudden death of a very wicked young man at the raising of a barn, and the solemn exercises at the funeral, greatly increased his serious feelings. "But, alas," he says, "after a few weeks, my anxiety abated, and the Holy Spirit was grieved away. I relapsed by degrees till I could join in the gay and mirthful company, and throw off all restraint. It seemed as though I was a bond slave to the devil. His servant I was, and my proud, wicked heart seemed to say, 'I will have my fill of pleasure.'"

But about this time God met him again very unexpectedly, and in a strange way. He and a brother had been to a ball; and, on returning home late and in high glee,

his brother was overturned in the carriage in which he was riding, and, as it seemed to them both, by a merciful providence, just escaped sudden death. It put a stop to their pleasure seeking. And, in close connection, as the the deacon has himself recorded it, "God poured out his Holy Spirit, and blessed the labors of our pastor, Rev. Nathaniel Howe. * * * He preached a sermon from these words, 'Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.' I felt it addressed to me. Again my sins seemed set in order before me. For days and weeks my conscience was lashed. The terrors of the law were set home. I seemed to feel differently from what I did before. I saw more clearly the justice of God in punishing me. The total depravity of my heart was evident to me beyond a doubt. I felt it. I could not put my finger on one good thing I had

ever done. All my life seemed a blank. I felt lost, condemned, and justly too. I read, I prayed, I attended meetings. But all was lost; I thought I was willing, but God was unwilling. But I resolved I would not give up. If I perished, I would perish begging for mercy. At length, mercy came. And oh the change! Oh how happy! yet how unworthy! The change was sudden. The time, the spot, and what I was doing, though many years have passed away, are still all fresh in mind as though it were but yesterday. I went directly to the house, took my Bible, and opened to the third chapter of Zechariah. I felt that Satan had always stood at my right hand to resist me! — that God had rebuked him, and plucked me as a brand from the fire! — taken my filthy garments from me, and said unto me, 'Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment.' My mind had now

found a resting-place. Oh how precious did the Saviour appear! I wanted to tell every body what a Saviour I had found. Now every thing seemed new, and every thing to be done. I remember the first prayer meeting I attended, in Mr. Howe's hall, — a monthly meeting of the church, composed of old members and formal. But the Lord gave me utterance." And then he goes on to relate circumstances of an interesting awakening among the young people, and the good meetings that were held at the house of his pastor. He united with the church in 1811, and was chosen deacon in 1830, which office he retained till his death.

CHAPTER III.

THE TRUE OBJECT OF WORSHIP.

Such an experience as that of Deacon Morse, clearly develops the object of pure Christian devotion. It must, indeed, involve the idea of the Supreme Ruler of the world. "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." But it is impossible for created and finite minds to comprehend the infinite Deity. Therefore they have invariably sought for some visible and tangible object to serve as a medium of communication. And, uninformed and unenlightened by revelation, they have, in imagination, invested countless material objects and irrational creatures with the attributes of divinity, and, in consequence, filled the world

with idolatry. Hence we find man everywhere a worshiper of something under the name of deity. It may be an immortalized hero, the sun, or the moon, an ox, a crocodile, or the merest grotesque image of wood or stone. But it is to him a god. Yet, because such idolatry sinks worship into superstition, and can never commend itself to really cultivated mind, too many are disposed to reject all worship. And they vainly try to substitute abstract reason, or humanity, for the only supreme embodiment of them in the person of Jesus Christ. For, that very want of the human mind for a finite manifestation of the true God, our Heavenly Father has most mercifully met by taking upon himself "a true body and a reasonable soul" in the person of his only begotten Son. So that genuine Christian worship involves the recognition of the divine in connection with the human of Jesus Christ our Lord. To this end, evidently, he was heralded as the

object of heavenly adoration. As it is written, "When he bringeth the First Begotten into the world, he saith, 'And let all the angels of God worship him.'" And the revelator said, "I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature, which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshiped him that liveth forever and ever."

It would seem therefore that full divine

honor and worship belong to Christ, and that God is to be truly worshiped in him. But especially does man, as a sinner, find the demands of his fallen nature met in the Christ of the Bible. And it is the experience of this glorious truth, which enables him everywhere, and in all ages, to exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and as did Thomas, when he felt the print of the nails and the spear, "My *Lord*, and my *God*." It brings the just and gracious God at once to the level of the humblest capacity. The farmer, the mechanic, the laborer, and even the child, in common with the profoundest philosopher, under a sense of sin and need of pardon, though he cannot comprehend the mystery, realizes in Christ him who is able to supply the greatest spiritual necessity of his soul. Therefore, he feels that he must be the proper object of his most devout adoration. For, "who can forgive sins but God only?" And to such as have no hope and

are without God in the world, his anxious exhortation has been beautifully and forcibly expressed in the language of the sacred poet:

"Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed to guilt and endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you; break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ; the new born King."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLACE AND MODE OF WORSHIP.

A TRUE Christian experience constitutes the soul itself a temple of the Holy Ghost where the spirit of worship always dwells. But while the soul is in the body, it constitutionally demands a place and form of worship. And it will consecrate particular localities and ceremonies to the purposes of devotion. The superstitious perversion of this principle has led to the seclusion of the nunnery and the cloister, the public resort to the grove or the temple, and the profusion of external rites, all of which is but a counterpart of a cold and formal "*going to meeting*." And both are equally removed from all acceptable worship. But the genuine Chris-

tian, guided by a sanctified and enlightened affection, is satisfied with such places and modes of worship as consist with his private, social, and public relations and duties, and are best adapted to inspire lively and sincere devotion. Like Jacob, he will wrestle with God alone in his closet, or some sequestered shade. Like Abraham, he will offer up the choicest of his household on his family altar. And in the social circle for prayer, he will delight to claim the promise of Jesus Christ, that "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." But in no place will he rejoice more than in the public sanctuary, — "the place which the Lord hath chosen to put his name there!" His feelings are well expressed by David where he said, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." "One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord

all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple." For "how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord."

And there are few more devoted practical examples of such worship among Christians of our day than that furnished in the life of Deacon Morse. We have seen that, in his childhood and youth, he was trained by his parents to go to the house of God. Those, indeed, were the days when the right and duty of parents to *enjoin* it upon their children to accompany them to the sanctuary were unquestioned. "We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company." Our Samuel, therefore, like his scriptural namesake, having been consecrated to the Lord by his parents, early formed the habit of worship. A mother's private instructions, a father's family prayers, and their constant attendance upon the

services of the sanctuary, served, in his mind, to incorporate very deeply the idea of worship with that of Christian character. So that, when he himself became a disciple, the faithful performance of the duty became all the more easy and delightful. He loved the place of prayer. He had his regular time and place of secret devotion. But he was not confined to such. It was not unusual for him to repair to the barn or the woods for prayer. Sometimes he would stop by the roadside, or when at work in his field, and kneel down and pray. Few have more deeply felt, and faithfully illustrated, the obligation enjoined by our Saviour, "that men ought always to pray, and not to faint." Neither were any more fond of social worship. And, through the whole period of his Christian life, he was in the habit of attending extra, as well as the regular, meetings for social prayer and conference. All parts of the town were witnesses to his early zeal,

together with that of his faithful and even more judicious coadjutor, Deacon Elijah Fitch, who went with him from house to house, and from district to district, holding meetings, and exhorting their fellow citizens to repentance and the duties of religion. Frequently, returning from his field too late to eat his supper, would he take his luncheon in his hands, mount his horse, and be off to some evening appointment. But in no respect was his love for worship more marked than by his attachment to the public sanctuary. He loved the house of God. And the distance, four and a half miles, which he lived from public meeting, furnished him an unusual opportunity of testing and exhibiting that love. For, notwithstanding the distance, he was a constant attendant. Scarcely a dozen times in his life was he absent from the house of God on the Sabbath, except for sickness, or other unavoidable circumstance. Calculating, there-

fore, for the forty-eight years that he was an honored member of the church, he must have traveled, to attend public worship, more than twenty-two thousand miles. It would be a low estimate to suppose that, for three quarters of the time, he returned to the third meeting, which would make sixteen thousand miles more. And then, if we add a similar sum for the attendance of at least one meeting in the center of the town during the week, which is undoubtedly within the truth, and we have an aggregate of more than fifty-five thousand miles that he traveled, after he became a Christian, to attend public and social worship. To this, we might probably add with safety ten thousand more, that he traveled with his parents during his minority, and afterwards to meet his engagements in different sections of the town. The road, too, upon which he lived for a mile or more, is very apt to be filled

in with drifting snows in the winter. And many a time would he walk and wallow through the untrodden snow, where others deemed it imprudent and even rash to make the attempt. And when he was in the house of God, he was devout, and drank in the truth like water. When others, and some good but hard laboring men would, in spite of themselves, yield to sleep, he was wide awake, and his ears were open to catch every word of the gospel message. And all because of his anxiety and earnest prayer, that, as the divinely appointed means of grace, it might be blessed to the conversion of the impenitent in the congregation. With this love for public worship constituting so large an element of his piety, it was most natural, when he came to die, that he should find consolation in being able to say, with the Psalmist, "Lord, I have loved the hab-

itation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth," and that he should choose this as the first part of a theme for his funeral discourse.

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTIAN WORK.

It is true that Christian worship is work; because it is something to be done. But all Christian work is not worship. Our relations, both to God and man, demand work in distinction from worship. Hence the inspired direction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Christ, also, is represented as sending his disciples into a vineyard to work. And, "The field is the world."

But God requires of man, in this respect, only what he does himself. For God is the great Worker of the universe. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work." "In the begin-

ning God created the heavens and the earth." And he still upholds and governs all things by the word of his power. The Lord Jesus Christ, too, is a worker. He was united with the Father in the creation of the world. As it is written of him, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him, and without him was not any thing made that was made." He said himself, "And many good works have I showed you from my Father." "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Again, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." And, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" But the great work of Christ was that of human redemption. It was a great work to speak the world from nothing; but it was greater to redeem. And this Christ did by his advent, sufferings, and death upon the

cross. Redemption, then, being his peculiar work, it furnishes the key to the specific work of his disciples. As we work with God, in accordance with his natural laws, in order to obtain food, raiment, and temporal comfort; so, if we would be the disciples of Christ, and secure the benefits of redemption, we must work in accordance with the principles and precepts of the gospel. One may be very diligent, laborious, and successful, in procuring temporal good, and yet never perform a single Christian deed, and, consequently, lose his soul. Christian work, therefore, is work for Christ. It is work *in his line.* It is the application of the peculiar principles of his gospel for the special purpose of saving the souls of men.

Hence the exhortation, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," does not mean, as the conduct of multitudes would seem to indicate, "Get all the money you can, — by fair means, if possible, — at

any rate, get it." Neither does it mean to acquire, even by the most honest effort, mere worldly property at all. But it can only mean, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do" *for Christ*, — for him who died to redeem the world from sin, and in the use of the instrumentalities which he has prescribed, — *this* "do with thy might." Christ is the Master in the prosecution of this work. His honor is the highest end to be secured.

The connection then between worship and work is apparent. The spirit of worship is the spirit with which work should be done. And true worship is essential to true work. The truest and sincerest worshiper, is the most faithful and earnest worker. Worship begets work. Worship is the fountain whence flow the streams of religious industry. And, as man was made for worship, it is no less true that he was made for work. Work, therefore, must accompany worship. And, if there were more worship, there would be more

work. The great reason, most probably, why there is so little work for Christ, is, that there is so little of the true idea and spirit of worship. Work for Christ is much in proportion to devotion to him. And the work that is done for him is comparatively powerless, because it is prompted and accompanied by so little of the spirit of devotion. More devout worship would doubtless make even a less amount of work more effectual. Not, however, that there is too much work, but not enough of worship. And with more worship of the only true God, we should have more work done and more accomplished for Christ. There would be more that would tell directly on the spread of the gospel and the evangelization of the world. More love for prayer and the sanctuary would prompt to more efficient labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

Now, a proper sense of individual and personal responsibility is essential to the

faithful performance of the Christian work. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," does not mean the hand of some one else. It is addressed to each and every individual. Neither does it mean that thy hand is only one of a class or a multitude, who must all work together before responsibility can attach to any one person in particular. But it is as if each and every one were specifically designated. "Whatsoever *thy* hand," without regard to the hand of any other, or whether any other does anything or not. "Whatsoever *thy* hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Joshua realized and expressed the idea when he said, "As for *me* and *my* house, we will serve the Lord." No matter what any one or all others may or may not do, the Christian's work is decidedly a personal work, since "every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

Again, the Christian work involves a determination to do *something*, though it be not

always what is most desirable. It is not uncommon to find persons who decline this or that occupation, though it be all that presents itself, because it is not just what they would prefer. A young man, perhaps, just setting out in life, wants to be a farmer, mechanic, merchant, or a professional man. But, because his way seems hedged up for lack of means, or proper qualifications, he sits down, folds his hands, and promises to accomplish nothing in the world. Every true friend exhorts him by all means to do something. Be a hod-carrier, or a wood-sawyer, if nothing more. Anything is both more useful and respectable than nothing. Now it would seem that there are some who profess to be Christians, who need a similar exhortation. They apparently refuse to engage in the work of the Lord, because they cannot do what they choose. Perhaps one refuses to be a minister because he cannot be a metropolitan bishop, or a Sabbath School teacher because

he cannot be a minister. Because he is fitted to do only some humble service, he refrains from doing anything at all. He is not willing to do just what he can. And he pleads his inability or incapacity. But, who is so incapable that he can do nothing? Because he has not five or ten talents to improve, let him beware of the doom of the unworthy servant, who hid his lord's money, though it were only one talent, in the earth. The truth is, every one can do something. If he cannot be a foreign missionary, he may be one at home. If he cannot be a distinguished minister of a city church, he may be a useful and far happier one in some retired country parish. If he cannot be even such a minister, he may be a successful Sabbath School teacher, or a tract distributer. He may, at least, tell his unconverted friends that he loves Jesus, and wishes everybody else would do the same. And if one cannot give in charity such large sums as to attract

the popular applause, he can cast his two mites into the treasury, which may be more than the abundance of others. Would any one, therefore, know whether he is or would be a Christian? Let him ascertain whether he is willing to work, and, if need be, perform the most menial service for Christ. Would he, like the Psalmist, be no more than "a door-keeper in the house of the Lord?" Would he, like the great Master himself, "wash the disciples' feet?" Christian — sinner — whoever you are, *do something*. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it."

Finally, the Christian work implies *earnestness*. The weightiest considerations require the Christian to be in earnest. What he does should be done with all his might. Nothing is more incompatible with Christian character than slothfulness or indifference. The Christian work is the last to be slighted. It demands a zeal bordering, in

view of the uninitiated, on fanaticism. It calls for the most faithful exercise of the greatest talent. And still there is a place for the use of the smallest. It is a great work, because it is the work of God. And the "king's business requireth haste." Nay, it is God's peculiar work. Since it is to carry out the redemption of a lost world. And, therefore, it is one of infinite moment to man. The soul! — and oh, were there but one immortal soul to be saved or lost, according to the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of Christian effort, it would be reason enough to call out the utmost energies of the whole Christian world. When, therefore, we consider that the eternal interests of countless millions are in peril, who can estimate the demand for Christian zeal? An indolent Christian! The very idea is most incongruous. Besides, there is but a little while to labor at all. Though no limited time, however long, can compare with eter-

nity, it is not as though we had thousands or millions of ages in which to labor. But oh, when we reflect how brief is the span of this life, and yet that it is all we have to work in for Christ and the salvation of souls, what a motive to be in earnest! It was the very one that Christ himself presented to his disciples, that the night of death *soon* cometh when no man can work.

Such, then, is the nature, and such are some of the elements of the Christian work, which preëminently characterize the piety of our own age of the world. And few persons, especially in the humbler walks of life, have furnished, in their lives, better examples of it than Deacon Morse. We might naturally expect this from such a worshiper. His great zeal for Christian worship begot a corresponding zeal for Christian work. Much of his work, indeed, was involved in his worship. But the specific methods of its development remain to be considered. And it

was only the culminating expression of this feature of his religion, when he suggested, as the second part of the theme of his funeral discourse, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with *thy might.*"

CHAPTER VI.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.

THE departments, in which the Christian may find ample opportunity to work for the Great Master, are various. The first that naturally presents itself to him is found in the sphere of his own heart. The work which it calls for is self-discipline. Its faithful performance is essential to the Christian's personal life and growth. It is fundamental to his success in every other department of labor. Neither is it an easy task. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And, in the case of Deacon Morse, perhaps in no sphere did his work tell to greater advantage than on his

own heart. Were it desirable and necessary to our purpose, it would not be difficult to specify defects in his natural constitution. For we are by no means sketching one of those perfect characters with which we sometimes meet in narrative, but are not fortunate enough to find in actual life. Besides the frailties which fall to the common lot of mankind, he had his peculiarities. It is enough, however, to say, that his temperament was unusually sanguine and passionate. He lacked the breadth of view, or mental scope, attendant upon a better education and early opportunity to become acquainted with the world. So that his judgment sometimes misled him. But these circumstances only caused his Christian graces to stand out all the more prominently. For, in order to form a proper estimate of any one's character, it is the better way to compare him with himself. And, by so doing, we find that it is more of a virtue in some than others to

be consistent Christians, because they have more in themselves with which to contend. From such a point of view Deacon Morse is worthy of high Christian esteem. With his naturally quick disposition and habit, which none deplored more than himself, he yielded, in a remarkable degree, to the requirements of Christian principle. While yet a young man, the war of 1812 with Great Britain was declared, and he was drafted as a soldier, and stationed at Fort Independence in Boston Harbor. There, indeed, he had a rare opportunity to become acquainted with some of the harder features of human depravity, and one which brought his religious principle to a severe test. But it would seem that even there he did not compromise his principles. He kept up his habits of devotion and his personal labor with his compatriots to induce them, if possible, to become the soldiers of the great Captain of salvation. At first, he says, he could hardly

be reconciled to his condition, and he "begrudged the happiness of those who were rich enough to get a furlough to go home." "But," he continues, "God fits the seasons to the shorn lamb. I found now and then a disciple of Jesus, and we soon had about a half dozen, among the hundreds stationed at the fort, who had kindred feelings, and we used sometimes to steal away from service and hold prayer meetings. God had a work to be done in the camp. For soon two unfortunate young men were tried and condemned to be shot for desertion. We had liberty to visit them in their cells. One of them gave evidence that he died a Christian. The other was pardoned."

It was not long, however, that young Morse had to perform military duty. For, after being at the fort five weeks, he was accidentally shot in the leg and returned home. A painful surgical operation was necessary; pieces of bone were extracted, and others

worked out afterward, and it was ten years before the wound was healed. For this misfortune he received a pension of sixty-four dollars a year the remainder of his life. But the circumstance is alluded to chiefly to show under what disabilities he performed his great amount of voluntary labor, consisting much of it in foot travel, in the service of his divine Master. Most others would have thought it quite sufficient reason for doing less.

His self-discipline also was exemplified in his readiness to adopt habits of personal reformation. Like other farmers of that day, he was accustomed to the moderate use of intoxicating drink. But when the Christian sentiment of the country began to require total abstinence, he was among the first to comply. His moral principle, however, was brought to its severest test by the abandonment of tobacco. He had imbibed a much stronger relish for that filthy weed

than for intoxicating drink, and had been a long time a slave to the appetite. But, when once convinced that he was doing wrong by its indulgence, — nor did it take a long course of labor to convince him, — he was "easy to be entreated;" — he made no compromise with his passion, but at once set about the work of reformation, and through a great fight of affliction, he conquered. This he used to call his great victory. He has recorded the account of his struggle in these words: "I knew it hurt my influence as a Christian and a temperance man. Used to calm the lashings of conscience by leaving off a little while. But the hankering overcame my good desires, and I would begin again. So I went on for thirty-one years. At length I resolved, sink or swim, live or die, I would be a free man. And God enabled me to persevere. And from May, 1849, to this day, January, 1858, not a particle of the accursed weed has defiled my

lips." Nor did it afterwards. And, though he had his faults, which marred his religious influence, the great self-sacrifice which a denial of his appetite and passion called him to make, was a strong proof of his Christian principle and thoroughness of his work of self-discipline.

CHAPTER VII.

REFORM AND MISSIONS.

From such an experience and discipline as that of Deacon Morse it is easy to see how he should become a thorough disciple and zealous helper in the general work of Christian reform and missions. For he early learned that not only impenitent sinners need regeneration, but that Christians need sanctification, — that process of growing in grace, the evidence and genuineness of which necessarily involves a corresponding external reformation. Therefore, in the temperance reform, he followed cheerfully in the lead of Edwards, Beecher, Hewitt, and others. And he was a hearty friend of labors to banish the use of tobacco from the community. Be-

cause he was convinced that both the alcoholic and narcotic poisons, when used for the mere gratification of the appetite, are vast hindrances to Christian enjoyment and usefulness.

In 1853, he wrote a zealous laborer in the anti-tobacco cause, as follows:

"Brother, — It seems to me there is great want of interest on this subject. I know you commenced alone, and have had to shove up hill all the way. But do n't get discouraged. The subject is beginning to be considered, and, like all other reforms, will require time. Experience has taught you and me that it is not of much use to try to reclaim an old tobacco-chewer or smoker. But the children, — yes, the children, — there is hope for them. Get them pledged, and often remind them of it; — get school teachers to attend to it, and we shall soon secure an anti-tobacco community."

He was deeply sympathetic. His feel-

ings were easily excited. He was always ready, not only to listen to but answer the appeals of suffering humanity. He was therefore a constant patron of the cause of seamen. None prayed more fervently or gave more cheerfully to ameliorate the condition of the weather-beaten sailor. So too the poor suffering slave ever found in him an ardent friend. He was among the first to feel and lend his aid in the cause of emancipation. In his simplicity, he could not see any great difference between the foreign and domestic slave trade, or between slaveholding and other sins, unless it be in the greater enormity of claiming the right to hold property in man. And in the days of abolition agitation and conflict, he was on the side of the oppressed. He sighed also over the apathy of Christians and the Christian churches of our land as to the great sin of slavery. And he rejoiced in the humblest effort to detach them from all responsible

connection with it, as the only peaceful method of securing the freedom of the enslaved, and avoiding a terrible revolution, which must otherwise, sooner or later, deluge our land in blood. For he trembled for his country when he read the words of the prophet, "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord; and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

His sympathies also were deeply enlisted in behalf of the superstitious vassals of the "man of sin." And no appeals ever took stronger hold of his feelings than those which were made in behalf of the "American and Foreign Christian Union." So that contributions to its treasury were, at times, increased by his specific and personal applications. Still it would be difficult to tell in what other cause of Christian benevolence he was any the less interested. In fact, the Education, Tract, Bible, or whatever other society for the evangelization of

mankind was presented to his notice, it seemed to him, for the time being, the most important. And he caught the missionary spirit in connection with the very rise of modern missions, which took place fifty years ago in our New England churches just previous to his conversion. He wrote in his journal: "In 1812, the first American missionaries were sent forth, — Newell, Judson, Nott, and Rice. Oh, it was a glorious enterprise! The year following, I think, Rice returned home. I heard him preach in the Center Schoolhouse from these words, "And they presented unto him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh." From that time a missionary spirit was kindled in my soul." Hence we learn the reason why Henry Martyn and Samuel Mills were two favorite names, which he attached to his twin children. Of course they were household words together with those of Judson, Thurston, and Bingham. But, as a layman, no one

appeared to him so much like the very pattern of Christian excellence as Harlan Page, whom, next to his Saviour and the apostle Paul, he seemed to keep constantly before his mind. He partook largely of a similar spirit, and emulated his example. The burden of his heart was to do good, according to his ability, to the souls of men. If the Lord had made it plainly his duty, and opened the way, he would have cheerfully gone to the ends of the earth in the service of the Great Master. And in perfect keeping with such a spirit, and as it were the last impression which he would leave upon the minds of his friends, at his own particular request, they sung, at his funeral, the Missionary Hymn:

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

CHAPTER VIII.

CULTURE OF YOUTH.

No department in the order of nature has prior claims upon Christian philanthropy to that of childhood. Heathenism and idolatry are "without natural affection." And the new dispensation was heralded as one that should "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children." Hence there is no way in which the Christian can better meet its demands, and exhibit the likeness of its divine Founder, who "took little children in his arms and blessed them." In this regard Deacon Morse was a commendable example. He labored in various ways, and with much zeal, for the spiritual good of children. He strove to win their attention and confidence.

This he did by stopping them frequently in the streets, saying a few kind words, giving them little books, pennies, and sweetmeats. It was also a favorite plan with him to visit the district schools, both in his own and the neighboring towns. Obtaining leave of the teacher, he would, from a deep conviction of his own literary deficiency, exhort the pupils to diligence in study, habits of virtue, and a hearty self-consecration to the Lord Jesus Christ. On those visits he would also distribute tracts, and administer the temperance pledge, which covered an obligation to abstain from the use of tobacco, as well as intoxicating drinks. And sometimes his addresses were to scholars of larger growth, and, in our high schools, would possess a remarkable pertinence.

In this connection the inquiry naturally arises, how did he train his own household? Were his own children, as might be expected, patterns of piety and filial obe-

dience? Now, in order to be true to fact, it cannot be stated that, in these respects, they were distinguished above other children. While, however, like too many others, they did not become Christians in early childhood, it is not known that they were more thoughtless or wayward than the children of many other good Christian parents. None will be slower to accuse him of unfaithfulness than his own children. In full remembrance of his earnest prayers, his oft-repeated, and perhaps occasionally ill-timed entreaties and rebukes, they will ever say that it was no fault of his that they did not sooner give their hearts to Christ. For it is now worthy of record, that, while some, even from very early life, have indulged the Christian hope, the good man, during his few last years, had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing all his children but two out of eight, after ripening into manhood, honoring a public profession of religion. And,

since he is faithful who hath promised, the good man died believing strongly that he will yet make the remainder heirs of his kingdom.

But the principal sphere of Deacon Morse's usefulness in behalf of youth was the Sabbath School. He was among the very first of the brethren to enlist in the work. When a few pious females in the church gathered the first class in the year 1817, he was ready to second their efforts. A small school was organized, and his faithful senior coadjutor, Deacon Elijah Fitch, was the first superintendent. And Deacon Morse was a constant and faithful teacher in the Sabbath School for more than twenty years, till eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.

CHAPTER IX.

SABBATH SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENCE.

In 1838, Deacon Fitch having resigned the office of superintendent, which he had held, to the great acceptance of the church from the organization of the school, Deacon Morse was chosen to fill his place. And this he continued to do eighteen years, till 1856, when his infirmities compelled him to resign. During his whole term of office, he discharged his duties with remarkable fidelity. His administration was very successful. It was particularly distinguished for its Christian charities. There were few Sabbath Schools in the Commonwealth, during the time, that contributed so much annually and mainly through his unwearied efforts to

send libraries and other missionary offerings to the destitute fields of the West. But, as an illustration of his work in this department, we cannot do better than to give a few specimen extracts from the annual reports, which he was accustomed to make to the church, at the reorganization of the school in the spring of the year.

For 1844–5, he said: "In reviewing my reports, I find that the school in the three first years of my superintendence averaged about 150; in the year 1842 the average was 214; in the year 1843 the average was 239; and in 1844 it has been 259. * * The average attendance of the infant class was 47. In July and August, the school was fullest; the greatest number in attendance was 291, August 3; the least was 70, March 2. The number of teachers in the school 25; average attendance 21.

"In looking over the list of teachers, I find some have been very punctual in attendance.

I find no mark of absence against Nos. 7, 15, and 18. I find that Nos. 3, 8, 11, have been absent two Sabbaths each. Others have been absent from three to eleven Sabbaths. Mrs. P., who had long and faithfully instructed a class, by ill health was obliged to give it up, and Miss J— A— took her place. Mr. B— left his class, and Mr. O— S— took his place. In November, Mr. D— E— was chosen librarian, and left a flourishing class to Mr. J— S—. * * *

"Your superintendent has occupied this place six and a half years. I feel that I have a responsible place to fill; that, in a great measure, the future destiny of many precious souls is committed to my care; that the prosperity, happiness and usefulness of a Sabbath School depend very much, under God, upon the superintendent. He must love his work, he must have the confidence and coöperation of the teachers, the love of the scholars, to make him

acceptable. He must be a holy man ; a man of prayer ; apt to teach.

"In reviewing the past, I have much to mourn. Glory to God and love to souls have not always filled my heart. I feel that I have not done what I ought to have done to save souls. Notwithstanding, the Lord has stood by me, and strengthened me. And by the aid of faithful preaching, and the hearty coöperation of teachers, we have not labored in vain during the six and a half years that I have had the charge of the school. Two teachers and eighty-four scholars of our school have professed a hope in Christ and united with our church. During this time, your superintendent has been absent from the school nine Sabbaths, — three of them absent from town ; two sick ; four of them were stormy. During this time, also, twelve teachers have left town. Three teachers and twelve scholars have died. Mrs. Vose,

Mrs. Spear, and Mrs. Claflin will live long in the memory of this school.

"The first Sabbath in May, the school reorganized. Mr. W— addressed the school on the duty of studying the Bible, and then testing our belief and sincerity by our liberality. And I trust he labored not in vain. The school has given more the past year than for five and a half years past. Our old library, prized at eleven dollars and thirty-seven cents, was purchased by S. D. D., Esq., and sent to the West. The school has sent out ten libraries, costing one hundred and eight dollars, making, with the eleven dollars and thirty-seven cents, for the old library, one hundred and nineteen dollars and thirty-seven cents. Last fall we purchased a new library of three hundred volumes, together with apparatus costing eighty-five dollars and forty-eight cents. The whole sum, therefore, raised by the school, has been

two hundred and four dollars and eighty-five cents.

"The following sums have been received from each class, as near as I recollect: No. 1, $2.36. No. 2, $1.94. No. 3, $11. No. 4, $2.38. No. 5, $1.52. No. 6, $8. No. 7, $1.51. No. 8, $2.62. No. 9, $1.30. No. 10, $5,03. No. 11, $4.67. No. 12, $1.40. No. 13, $1.83. No. 14, $2.88. No. 15, $7.81. No. 17, $1.22, No. 18, $1.55. No. 19, $3.26. No. 20, $1.11. No. 21, $5.22. No. 22, $4.59. No. 23, $10.10. No. 24, 92 cents. No. 25, $20.13. Infant Class, $5.50.

"Now I want to ask those who have contributed monthly and liberally, whether they are any the poorer, and those who have withholden, whether they are any the richer.

"Well do I remember the sparkling eye and the beaming countenance of a little boy, after school was dismissed, handing me six cents, saying two were for himself and two for

each of his little brothers. There is another little boy who never goes to meeting without a cent to put in the box. And never shall I forget that young man, who, the last time I ever saw him as I stood on the meeting-house steps, came up to me and said, "I am going to leave town," and gave me fifty cents for the West, and then turned and bent his steps across the common; — what a memorial, — a token of love to the school!

"A few weeks since, I proposed a few questions to the teachers, which most of them have promptly answered and afforded me much gratification.

"One teacher says: 'Eight of her class contribute occasionally and four monthly.' Another says: 'One indulges hope in Christ; some contribute monthly; and some not at all.' Still another answers thus: 'One indulges hope; one is anxious about the salvation of her soul.' This class have set apart one half hour each day to labor, the

avails of which go to make up a library for the West. They are making strenuous efforts to raise ten or twelve dollars. If they succeed, I think the library ought to go in their name. One teacher says that 'three in the class indulge hope, and some at times are anxious about their souls' salvation. They all manifest a great interest in the study of the Bible. Although many of them live at a distance from the church, and cannot always be present, yet they never make that an excuse for not getting the lesson. She never, but twice, found them deficient; they were not only ready to answer the questions proposed by the teacher, but themselves proposed many questions relative to the subject of the lesson. They seem perfectly familiar and use much freedom in expressing their opinions on practical points, and often speak of the satisfaction derived from the discovery of some new truth. And I feel much obliged to some of them for the

effort they make to render the class interesting and profitable.' Yet that teacher has been much tried in her feelings in regard to the benevolence of the class. She set before them the destitution of the West, the promises made to the cheerful giver; but, with the exception of a few, they did not feel interested in the subject of benevolence. At length, the teacher proposed a plan which met the approbation of all the class. The plan was for each to labor one half-hour every day, and contribute the avails to the West. Since that, the class has been fuller, and more interest taken in the lesson. In making these extracts, I desire to avoid all personality, hoping none will feel injured or neglected. Never, since I have had charge of the school, has it been more united, more flourishing, more liberal, than the past year.

"Bear with me, dear friends, while I plead with you for benevolence. I am pleading for a lost world, for our beloved country,

and for souls whom Christ died to purchase. Never, no, never, when we come to meet in another world, shall we regret what we have done to save souls.

"The number of 'Congregational Visiters,' we have taken the past year, is twenty-five; the present year seven. Number of the 'Well Spring' in 1844, was forty-nine. Ten copies were given by a friend. This year the number taken is fifty. There are twenty-three members of the church who seldom attend meeting, and some never attend the Sabbath School. These things ought not so to be.

"In conclusion, I will just state some things which we need, that, by the blessing of God, we may have the descent of the Holy Spirit.

"We need a superintendent, like Harlan Page, holy, active, laborious, faithful, untiring, inventive, and always abounding in the work of the Lord.

"A band of teachers like Payson, Bible-

studiers, Bible-class-goers, Bible-truth-appliers, soul-seekers, and closet mourners.

"The school, a band of truth-seekers, searching the Scriptures daily to see if these things are so, Sabbath School-goers, attentive learners, appliers of truth to themselves, loving their teachers and one another.

"The church, a praying church, a Sabbath School-going church, a united, steadfast, and immovable church; a practical, holy, self-denying, and ever-moving church.

"With these attainments, the Holy Spirit will descend, and our sons and daughters will say, 'Bless the Lord, O, our souls!'

"P. S. I now take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of an elegant Bible presented me by a member of this school, for which I feel very grateful to the donor.

"But when I read, on the margin page, the following note, 'This Bible I present to you as a token of respect for your faithfulness as a Sabbath School superintendent,' I felt it

was unmerited. But, as it came unexpected and unsought, I do receive it with more heartfelt gratitude than Queen Victoria could have received the crown of England.

"When I open its sacred pages, I feel that its Author is divine. When I read that 'the thoughts and imaginations of men's hearts are evil and that continually,' may I feel that my heart by nature is totally depraved. When I read that 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life,' may I love and obey that Saviour. And when I hear that Saviour say, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them,' may I pattern after that rule. When I read that Paul labored night and day with tears, going from house to house, warning and beseeching sinners to 'flee from the wrath to come,' may I imitate him in doing good. When I read his injunction, 'Remember them that are

in bonds as bound with them,' may I ever exert myself in behalf of the enslaved. When I read, 'As ye have freely received, freely give,' may I abound in liberality. When I read, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' may I ever hold myself ready to forgive all that injure me, and ever exert myself to make peace among my brethren. When I read from the Sacred Book, that Christ shall come to judge the world in the great and last day; that every eye shall see him; that the dead, both small and great, shall be there; it is a solemn thought that our pastor, our Sabbath School, the donor and receiver of that Bible will be there! And if we are all found faithful, what a happy meeting it will be!"

CHAPTER X.

SUPERINTENDENCE CONTINUED.

In making these annual reports, Deacon Morse recognized his amenableness as superintendent to the church. Therefore he would invariably commence by addressing the pastor in parliamentary form as "Mr. President." Here is one more specimen of a later date, soon after the organization of a Methodist Church in the village.

"Mr. President, — One year ago, there was a new society formed in this place; and although our school has been diminished in numbers, yet I was pleased, because it will bring some under the sound of the gospel that could not otherwise be reached, and create a union between the two denomina-

tions. I rejoice in their prosperity; and, although consistency demands my attendance in my accustomed place of worship, yet I shall ever rejoice to meet them in the social meeting.

"We reorgnized the first Sabbath in June. The first six months, the average attendance of females was 110; of males, 52; infant class, 36. Whole average for the year, 190 * * *"

Then he specifies each class and its teacher by name, and mentions the sum of money contributed by each for benevolent purposes. The whole amounting to $83.60. The report continues:

"Expended in the following manner: Mrs. J. C. Webster's and Mrs. William Claflin's classes sent a box of clothing worth $25 out to Rev. Mr. Sawtell, Cleveland, Ohio, for the benefit of his school. This was raised by those young ladies' working society. Who will imitate? Mrs. James Long's

class made Mrs. Susan L. Mabry a life member of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. Dr. L. L. Scammell was made life member by the school. Mr. Albert Claflin was made life member by Deacon I. V. Adams's class. The school sent a library worth $10 to Rev. Hiram Wilson, Canada, for the fugitive slaves. Governor L. Kossuth, then the guest of Massachusetts, was made a life member of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society by our school. The following is his letter of acknowledgment:

"BOSTON, Mass., May 10, 1852.

SAM. MORSE, ESQ. :

Dear Sir, —

Accept my warmest thanks for the honor you have bestowed upon me by constituting me a life member of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. I regard the certificate, through which the children, by contributing their pennies, have shown their sympathy for the cause of Hungary, as one of the most valuable keepsakes of my visit in America. It is the best evidence that the teachers of the Sabbath Schools really develop the moral feelings of their pupils, and that the pupils are ready to receive, in their heart, the noble seed.

With sincere respect,

Yours faithfully,

L. KOSSUTH."

"Expended the remainder, with the exception of $9.20 in the treasury, in paying small bills for delinquent subscribers for juvenile papers, and for life memberships."

* * * * *

INCIDENTS.

"*June. First Sabbath.* Appearances not so favorable as in some former years in reorganizing the school. Two hundred present. Our pastor preached an excellent sermon on training children, and addressed the school. In the evening a good concert.

"*June. Third Sabbath.* Chose a committee to get new scholars into the school. One young man in, whom I never saw in before. Rev. Mr. French addressed the school in a very appropriate manner. Two young men came in.

"*June. Fourth Sabbath.* Alfred Greenwood, just on the verge of two worlds, was admitted to our church at his father's house,

and, for the first and last time on earth, he partook of the emblems of Christ's dying love. Being asked if he had enjoyed the ordinance, 'O yes, the singing was like the foretaste of heaven.'

"*June. Fifth Sabbath.* Our pastor and wife left the week previous, to be absent two or three Sabbaths. In forenoon, the lamented Methodist minister from Milford preached and addressed the Sabbath School. And had he known it was for the last time, how could he have made a more solemn impression on the minds of his hearers!

"*July. First Sabbath.* Received a letter from our pastor, dated at Trenton Falls, New York. One teacher told me she hoped her husband had found his Saviour the week previous.

"*July. Second Sabbath.* Our pastor and wife returned, and it was a happy meeting on that day.

"*August. First Sabbath.* Dr. Ide ad-

dressed the school on the subject of the lesson, which was, The Character of Absalom.

"*August. Fifth Sabbath.* Hyram Greenwood, Jr. of Woodville was buried. Your superintendent addressed the school on the death of that amiable youth, and, before another Sabbath arrived, he was himself prostrated by a fever.

"Here my journal is suspended till November 30th, when, through the goodness of God, I was enabled to resume my place again. Seeing my assistant, Dr. Wakefield, was obliged to leave his class and the school for several weeks, I was very glad the school made choice of my old and tried friend, James Bowker, superintendent *pro tempore.* For more than thirty years have we labored in the Sabbath School together. And, as the hearts of David and Jonathan were knit together in love, so have ours been. May we labor on together in the work of the Lord, and, when death comes, may it find us

with the harness on, — not on Mount Gilboa, with swords and spears, but on the hills of Hopkinton!

"*Brother!* Let us labor through the evening of life for dew and rain to fertilize these heights, that we may be worthy to have it said of us, 'How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!'

"*December 5th.* Our pastor was at Saxonville. The Lord is doing a great work there.

"*January 2d.* The death of our venerable friend, Joseph Walker, was announced.

"*February 3d.* Heard of the conversion of a young man who had been a member of Mr. Poor's class. Distributed the tract entitled 'The New Year.' Another young man gave his heart to Jesus, and others are anxious. About the first of March, our pastor commenced an inquiry meeting.

"*March 2d.* One little miss told me she hoped she had given her heart to the Saviour.

"When?"

"Last Sabbath."

"What was you doing?"

"Reading the Bible."

"What makes you think you love the Saviour?"

"Because I feel so happy."

"Addressed a class of young ladies. A tearful eye, that bespoke an anxious heart. Received a note from one, saying she hoped she had decided to be a Christian. One teacher says a little boy calls two or three times a day to learn his lesson.

Mrs. —— says five misses in her class have committed three verses of Scripture each over and above their lessons, amounting to an hundred verses each. Who will imitate? One teacher says she cannot describe her anguish of spirit on reflecting that one of her pupils was called away without one direct personal warning from her. How

many teachers will make the same lament over lost ones!

"There has been some complaint that scholars move from one class to another, which is very wrong, unless there is a mutual understanding on both sides. There is one venerable head in the Sabbath School, who, if well, always, rain or shine, is there, and reminds me of John Q. Adams, especially as a member of our choir, where, for nearly half a century, he has stood, firm in the midst of eruptions, pressing his way through all obstructions, as the venerable sage did when contending for the right of petition. May he fill that sacred place till called to sing in the New Jerusalem above.

"Mr. Chairman, I do n't know but I shall exhaust your patience. I have not the art of brevity that Governor Boutwell has in his annual proclamations. Bear with me a little longer.

"I want to speak of the unusual number of

deaths in our school. Have spoken of Alfred Greenwood, who, one Sabbath, joined the church militant, the next in the church triumphant. In September, Adelaide and her sister Eliza Phipps were amiable and lovely in life, and in death not much divided. Now their father and mother weep alone.

"*December 4th.* The wife of Mr. Peter Parker died, and, we trust, made a happy exchange, and on the 13*th of February*, his daughter Amelia, aged 15. We trust they are both before the throne.

"The 5th Sabbath in *February*, little Charlie, son of Samuel Jr., and Sarah Crooks, a member of the infant class, died. Thus a little brother and sister sleep in one narrow grave. Weeping friends, this event has touched anew a chord in my heart, that was made to vibrate with grief twenty-eight years ago by the sudden death of our little Aaron. May it quicken you, make you better Christians, and learn you to sympa-

thize more deeply with the afflicted. Early in March, Charles Stone and the wife of Mr. Willard Bemis, both went home, praising God and the Lamb.

"*April 2d.* Mrs. Sawyer died as calm as a summer's eve, and Emily Reed, too, has soared away. Thus ten, who have so lately met with us, will meet us no more on earth. Add to this number those before departed, whom we love to revere, and how it will swell the catalogue! I seem to see Parson Howe on horseback, visiting every school district in town to catechize the children, and our beloved Phelps directing anxious sinners to the Lamb of God. Do n't you see Deacon Elijah Fitch crossing the Common, with singing book under his arm? How he stood, for sixteen years, at the helm, rearing our Sabbath School from infancy to manhood! Where are our mothers and sisters, the widows Leland and Ellis, and Miss Nancy Fitch, the founder of our school?

Listen, ye children, while I introduce you to the sainted Mrs. A. A. Phelps, who first gathered the infant class in this place. And the beloved Rebecca R. Webster, is she not now looking in upon us? Tread softly, lest you drown her footsteps. Come, ye sisters, bring in the coats and garments, that you and she fitted for the escaped fugitive, and the outcast sailor. You have heard her persuasive appeals for benevolence. They have been felt around the globe. And you, young men and maidens, remember those happy expressions of countenance that told how much she loved you. And who can help cherishing the memory of Mrs. Elisha Vose, and her daughter Sarah; of Mrs. Irene Gates, Mrs Deacon Fitch, and the meek and lovely Mrs. Dr. Scammell? Let it be ours to imitate their virtues.

"The time has arrived for reorganizing our school. The church has seen fit to reappoint me superintendent for the year to come,

and Deacon Buck assistant. The first day of March last, I was sixty years old. I am not sensible of any abatement of ardor in my feelings for the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom. But, before I am aware, I am counting the miles and surveying the hills interspersed between this and my home. So that sometimes the pelting storm and the midnight hour almost upset me. But when I seem to hear that awful sound, '*Come to judgment,*' it electrifies the old man, and I feel young again. So, my children, pardon me. For you all seem like children to me. We will all try to improve a little from the past, and add a little to our old stock by depending more on the merits of Christ, and having less confidence in ourselves, by getting and understanding our lessons better, by persuading young men and others to join our school, by holding teachers' meetings, by personal conversation and visiting, by encouraging our pupils to ask questions, by

getting our places in the school before the teacher shall begin to think we have forsaken him, by keeping up an interest, so that the scholars will not wish to leave, by attending the Sabbath School Concert, and each trying to add to its interest.

"I was glad to hear your teacher in the High School announce that there were many more compositions written than were required. And when the 'Morning Star,' and the 'Young Ladies' Offering' were read, I thought, as we had the same intellects and poets in our Sabbath School, why not have a paper here? Call it the 'Sabbath School Journal,' if you please. As our lessons are on Scripture Biography, how easy to fill a paper once a month, to be read at our concerts! Young ladies and gentlemen, won't you take this subject under consideration, and make arrangements for its accomplishment?

"About the first of April, I promised a

handsome pocket Bible to all who would commit and repeat correctly the Assembly's Catechism, and read the Bible through in one year from that date. I mean the old-fashioned Catechism without any abridgment. If any will do it sooner, they shall have the reward.

"Mr. President, almost fourteen years have tested your fidelity to us. Take courage, sir; for already I seem to see your crown is beginning to be studded with new gems. Parents, no time is to be lost. Already some of our children are in heaven or hell. Haste, then; see that yourselves are ready. Teachers, what of the night? Do n't slumber while Jesus is passing by. Ye scholars, what shall I say to you? I hope some have given their hearts to the Saviour. Will any of you refuse? May God enable you to repent. If God spares me another year, I hope, by his help, to be more faithful. I never was more sensible of my attachment to

you than when sick last fall. And I have been strengthened since, by hearing one of your number say I was remembered daily in your prayers at that time. Let me still have them, and your coöperation too."

CHAPTER XI.

SUPERINTENDENCE CONTINUED.

Besides the annual reports of Deacon Morse to the church, he used to make a short one to the school every month. The following is a specimen of one of these, selected at random.

"REPORT OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL FOR DECEMBER, 1845.

The school has averaged, the past month, . .	167
Outside of this number, the infant class, . . .	34
The school has contributed, this month, . .	$6.61
The infant class, ...	.33

"One promising lad, who loved the school, and was one of the number who pledged themselves to raise ten dollars in their class the present year, has, for several weeks, been

denied the privilege of meeting his class on account of sickness.

"The Assembly's Catechism has been introduced into the school the month past. Am happy to find some classes much engaged in its study.

"Heard one scholar say the teacher talked so low they could not hear what was said. That same teacher asked no questions, only what were in the book. May the Lord touch the heart of such a teacher by his Holy Spirit, or let him be removed from the class.

"Our lessons for the month past have been on the dealings of God with the antediluvian world, all the wicked inhabitants of which he destroyed with a deluge, except righteous Noah and his family, who were preserved in the ark. A little schoolboy asked me, the other day, who helped Noah build the ark? That unexpected question caused me some thought on the subject. And when

children ask proper questions, they ought to receive proper answers. Perhaps there are other children here, who have thought of similar questions. Well, then, I will try to answer the inquiry.

"As Noah's ark is said to have been about four hundred and eighty feet long, eighty-one feet wide, and forty-eight feet high, with first, second, and third stories, it must have required a vast deal of timber. It must have required a great many men to rear such a building. And, as there were, in that wicked age, but few who sympathized with Noah in faith and righteousness, it is probable that his help was mostly from a scoffing and wicked world. And though God had told Noah that the wickedness of man was great on the earth, that the imaginations of man's heart were evil, and only evil continually; that it repented him that he had made man upon the earth; yet his days should be one hundred and twenty years.

"Let us consider some traits in Noah's character.

"1. As to his descent. Methuselah was his grandfather, and he the son of pious Enoch, who lived three hundred years after the birth of Methuselah.

"2. As to his piety. The first intimations of it are given in these words: 'But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.' And it is said that 'Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations; and Noah walked with God.'

"3. He had strong faith in God. 'By faith Noah, being warned of God, of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house.'

"4. He was a plain, faithful preacher; for he lived at a time of great wickedness.

"Wherein did Noah's ark resemble the Christian's ark, the Lord Jesus Christ?

"1. As to its greatness. Ample accommodations.

"2. As to its strength and durability. 'Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.'

"3. There was but one door. 'I am the door.'

"4. But one window to admit the rays of light. 'I am the light of the world.'

"5. The form and size of the ark were given to Noah by God himself. So Christ has published the conditions of salvation to us.

"6. There was a time and space given to the old world for repentance, which it might have improved and entered the ark. So the Saviour is now waiting to be gracious.

"7. But, by procrastination, the inhabitants of the old world were all lost. For 'they were eating and drinking until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and knew not till the flood came and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.'

"8. Noah built the ark after the pattern

God gave him. 'According to all that God commanded him, so did he.' So Christ delegated his cause to his disciples when he left the world. And so his ministers are to preach *what he bids them*.

"9. When it was too late, the wicked in Noah's time cried for help. So it will be with the impenitent at death and the judgment."

Deacon Morse loved novelty and variation in his plans of usefulness. As a superintendent, he would, at times, suspend the regular exercises of the school to improve special providences, and devote the time to prayer and conference. The following is a specimen of an address which he had prepared for such an occasion :

"*To the Sabbath School in Hopkinton:*

"RESPECTED FRIENDS:

"Sometimes it is best to turn aside awhile from our accustomed duties and employments to notice the providences of God, and seriously inquire what they are designed to say to us. I therefore think it best to dispense with the lesson to-day, and have devotional exercises in its stead.

"And, having a desire to communicate a few thoughts to you on the dispensations of God, I hope you will bear with me.

"Since last April, six members of our school have died; more, I believe, than have ever died in one year since its organization. Surely God is speaking loudly to us.

"You recollect, one year ago, the first Sabbath in this month, thirty stood forth in this consecrated house, and solemnly dedicated themselves to the Lord. Three of that little band, I doubt not, are to-day in heaven.

"One of that number, whom we this day mourn, was Mrs. Fitch. For nearly sixty years she lived in sin, unconverted to God. But last winter, in the time of God's merciful visitation in this place, her attention was called to the great subject of religion. And we trust she was made willing to give herself to Christ. Since then, I believe she has led a consistent Christian life, and had united herself with the Sabbath School. I visited her in her last sickness, and found her composed. I said, 'Mrs. Fitch, had God visited you a little more than a year ago with this sickness, would you have been prepared for it?' She shook her head, and said, 'No.' One short year in the school of Christ, and she is called home. And her companion is still left behind. The Lord has a little more work for you, my brother, and then you will go home too. Be patient. Be vigilant. Be ready. Then he who is to come will come, and will not tarry. And I

trust you will meet many from this school in heaven.

"Mrs. Spear was one of that happy band. For about two years she had an interesting class of young ladies in the Sabbath School. I never have witnessed more union between teacher and pupils than in this class. And well there might be; for five out of the seven in the class professed to obtain a hope in Christ during the revival. Catherine J. Freeland, one of that little band, and the first ripe fruit of that spiritual harvest, has been gathered into the garner of the Lord.

"Mrs. Spear was very active in her class. She understood her lesson. One of the teachers has remarked to me since her death, that they used generally to get their lessons together, and sometimes pray over them. And here is the secret of her success. After the revival commenced in the school, and before any of her class had indulged a hope, she proposed to have them set apart one half

hour each day to pray for their own conversion, and she would observe the same time in her closet to pray for them. She not only asked the questions, but impressed them by personal conversation and application. She requested her class to meet at her house for prayer and mutual conversation. At one time she proposed to them to commit to memory the New Testament. Her proposition was to commit one verse each weekday, and five on the Sabbath; and she engaged to commence with them. I trust they will go on as they have now begun. It is not my purpose to praise the dead, but to stimulate the living. I believe Mrs. Spear is the only teacher who has died out of this school for five years. We see that youth, activity, and usefulness are no barrier against the shafts of death. A few months have made a great change in this class. Miss Dean has had it through the winter. She has now left. So they are destitute again.

May the Lord provide them with one who will care for their souls. May the mantle of her who has guided these lambs to Christ fall on them, and on her who may be her successor in the class. We commend the companion of our departed sister unto the Lord. May his grace sustain him. May he so live and act that, when he meets the King of Terrors, he may meet him as manfully, as fearlessly, and as triumphantly, as did his companion.

"Now I would say to the teachers, be faithful. You have a precious trust committed to you. Your time may be short. Won't you pray over your lessons? Do make a personal application to each scholar in your class. Strive to get their confidence. Make them feel that you are in earnest. Speak to them of the love of Christ. God has blessed you, and he will do it again.

"Mrs. Spear did not live to see all her class converted. No, some were left behind. So

I fear many others in this privileged school will have occasion to say at last, 'The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.'

"Listen, then, my friends, to the instruction of your teachers, and strive to make your peace with God. Come, now, for all things are ready. Some of you are young. Think of that young, sprightly, engaging little boy, Joseph Whittemore. How short his race! The sighs, the groans of an affectionate father or mother could not save his life. Oh then, come to Christ, and you may be saved.

"May God sanctify these afflictive dispensations to this school, to this church, to this worshipping assembly, and to these circles of mourners."

CHAPTER XII.

SUPERINTENDENCE CONTINUED.

LEAVING out the statistics and personal appeals, we will here subjoin a few isolated paragraphs from other reports of Deacon Morse.

In 1848, he said:

"Never was there a time that Christians could labor to more profit than the present. I bless God I live in the nineteenth century. Could I have had my choice in the time and locality of my existence, I could have selected none so well adapted to expand the energies of the soul, and so wonderful for the adaptation of means to ends. Why, it seems to me that the flying railroad car, the winged steamboat, freighted with missionaries,

Bibles, and tracts, was what John saw in a vision, when he saw an 'angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that were on the earth.' And that wonderful magic, the electric telegraph, which teaches us the mighty aspiration of men to be as gods, and which enables the humble follower of the Lamb, sighing for the salvation of the heathen, to whisper his desires and prayers to a kindred soul in a far off city, saying, 'Will you go?' And, at the next breath, as it were, has the gentle whisper come back, 'Yes, I'll go!'

"As to my locality, thank God that I was born on the salubrious hills of Hopkinton, and my lot cast among its brave, whole-souled inhabitants. I feel it an honor that I have been permitted to live and labor with them in the moral reforms of the day. I lived years before Sabbath Schools were known, and when intemperance was

fast spreading its withering blight over the fair heritage of the Lord.

"There is another reform going on, which is so philanthropic in its nature, so much in keeping with the Holy Scriptures, has so much bearing on the rising generation, was so recently in its infancy, but now growing fast into manhood, that I cannot but name it. It is the Anti-Slavery cause. Well do we remember, some of us, when our holy and beautiful house was besieged by a noisy rabble, because one man dared to stand up and present the claims of the slave. The life-blood of a Lovejoy and a Torrey has not flowed in vain. No, bless God, the church is rising, and will soon stand erect. The recent advance of public opinion in our conference of churches cheers us on to victory.

"Then let us teach our children that all men are our neighbors, that slavery is always wrong, that the slave ought to have the Bible. Let us be encouraged from the past,

and labor on. And soon the leven will diffuse itself through the whole lump. I say again, I am glad my lot was cast in Hopkinton. Other causes of reform might be named, that will advance just as fast as men receive and practise upon the word of God. How important, then, is Sabbath School instruction! And how ought parents to labor to store their children's minds with Bible truth!

"The year that has passed has been an eventful one. The revolution in France makes the crowned heads in Europe to tremble. The starving poor of Ireland, the vigorous prosecution of an unrighteous war with Mexico, the immigration of foreigners to our country, the unexampled prosperity of our citizens, the mortality in the ranks of our statesmen, the increase of Romanism and infidelity, and the benign influences of the Holy Spirit's return, all show a mighty crisis at hand.

"How important, then, is the study of the Bible! In it are found inexhaustible treasures. It is the pearl of great price. It is eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, food to the hungry, water to the thirsty. In it a Saviour's love is portrayed in his death on the cross. In addition to our own experience, it points out our lost and ruined condition as sinners, the strictness of God's moral law, the necessity of regeneration and holy living, the brevity of human life, the immortality of the soul, a heaven and a hell. In short, it is a message of love from the eternal God to man."

The following is from his report for 1843-4:

"Some twenty years ago, after a long and dreary winter, spring returned in all its beauty; the sun shone in all its brilliancy, and unlocked the earth, which, for months, had defied its genial influences. The singing of birds had come, and the voice of the

turtle was heard in our land. Man went forth to his labors with invigorated spirits and physical strength. The ox broke the unfettered sod. The gentle showers descended. The seed was cast into the bosom of the earth. It soon sprung up. The earth was soon clothed in its richest verdure. For months, the heart of the husbandman was cheered with the prospect of an abundant harvest. But, alas! an untimely frost blighted his fond expectations. The earth, as it were, was clothed in mourning. The whole community suffered, and man was at once made to feel his dependence on God.

"But this was an exception. God generally blesses man temporally and spiritually according to labor bestowed. He is a sovereign, and bestows his blessings when, and on whom he will; but still we are encouraged to labor. For never has he said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain. Two years ago, we had a precious revival in our

Sabbath School. And here let us stop and ask, why it did not continue? Is there not a failure somewhere? After the great frost, when spring had returned, did we say it will be of no use to plow and plant this year because God frowned upon us last year? No, we went to work with faith and hope; and God blessed us, and has blessed us for more than twenty years with seed-time and harvest. I ask again, why did not that revival harvest continue? Did we not relax our labors? Has there been on the part of Christians that agonizing in prayer to God for sinners, — that keeping our hearts and watching against sin? Have we met our classes with the expectation that they will this day give their hearts to God? Have we used personal effort with them, such as visiting, writing, and applying the subject of the lesson personally. Do not some of our brethren absent themselves from the school without a justifiable excuse? Does

not the teachers' meeting flag, and the heart of our pastor sigh, because he meets so few that are panting for the knowledge of God's word? I feel that we must all plead guilty.

"I ask now, what shall we do? We will do as David did. He had it in his heart to build a house for God. So he went to work with all his might, and prepared gold, and silver, and brass, and iron, and stones, and timber, in abundance. He gave of his substance liberally. He then went to his brethren, and told them his desire. And their hearts were touched while they were living in their ceiled houses, and still the Lord had no house where to record his name. They too offered willingly, and cast into the treasury of the Lord. Let our hearts be touched with the desolations of Zion, and begin to build, and God will add his blessing."

Just before he resigned his office in 1856, he said in his report:

"Nearly eighteen years I have occupied the responsible position of superintendent of this school. Yes, nearly two and a half years of Sabbaths have come and gone. — Ah! precious mementos! The men and the women, whose heads then began to blossom, are gone! The infants then have come up to manhood now. And the fathers and mothers, who then led their little ones to the Sabbath School, like myself, now say, 'happy seasons.' Oh that I had realized it more then! But the past cannot be recalled. Come then, one and all, and gird on the armor. Let us all to-day resolve to make this school what it ought to be. Do I hear the response, 'Yes, I will?'"

Extracts of a similar character could be multiplied to a great extent. But these are enough to show the character of his mind, and his zeal for the prosperity of the Sabbath School. For all who knew him will testify

that these expressions of his lips were only a fit index of his actual efforts to discharge faithfully the duties of his office. He was a Sabbath School worker.

CHAPTER XIII.

COLPORTAGE.

THE distribution of religious tracts was a favorite method of usefulness with Deacon Morse from the beginning of his Christian life. We apprehend that he was seldom without them in his pockets or the crown of his hat. In 1852 he made a journey to Wisconsin to visit friends. But he also made it a tour of colportage, embracing every opportunity to distribute tracts, attend prayer meetings, and exhort his fellow travelers to journey with him to the heavenly land. But during his later years, Providence seemed to open the way for a more systematic effort of this kind. And we cannot do better than to give his own account of the mission upon

which he felt called upon to enter, in the following language:

"In 1853 I was afflicted with a lame shoulder and arm; could do but little work, hoping in the spring it would wear away; but the warm weather made it worse. So I consulted Dr. Wakefield, my beloved physician. He pronounced it neuralgia, and said 'I must quit work, or I could not be cured.' He said, moreover, 'I had worked for myself long enough, and must now work for the Lord.' I told him nothing would suit me better than to be a colporter. 'Then,' said he, 'do it.' This work I had often wished, in my younger days, I could do. But the care of a farm and a rising family seemed to throw insurmountable barriers in the way. But now, sixty-one years had fled. My children were old enough to support themselves. None of my sons wished to work on the farm; and why not devote the evening of my life to that cause? By prayer,

self-examination, and the kind advice of Dr. W., and the hearty consent of my dear wife, I decided to do so. Accordingly, the 'American Tract Society' furnished me with tracts, and in September I commenced visiting every family in my own native town. And here I will note a few statistics. I found four hundred and forty-six dwelling-houses; five hundred and forty-six families; one hundred and seventy Universalist families; seventy-one that did not attend public worship; and one hundred and sixteen Irish and Roman Catholic. Spent eight and a half days' time. Traveled, out and in, an hundred and fifty-eight miles. Distributed the tract 'Phebe Ann Jacobs.' All but twelve Irish families received it. Made my report in church-meeting, with some incidents that occurred in my visits. I can now look all over this town and say I have endeavored to be faithful and put the bread of life into every family.

"I received an urgent request from Rev. Mr. Thayer to visit Ashland. Accordingly, in October, I went there. Found two hundred and twenty-one dwellings; two hundred and seventy-two families; a population of twelve hundred and eighty-nine. And, as I put the question, 'What church do you attend?' I found one hundred and thirteen families attended the Congregationalist; ninety-one, the Baptist; eight, Methodist; two, Episcopalian; eight, nowhere; eight, Universalist; and twenty-nine were Irish. Three Catholics refused a tract. Visited three schools. Received the pledge of more than a hundred children. Traveled about an hundred miles, and spent five days.

"At the 'Middlesex South Conference of Churches,' convened in Southboro', in October, I was, by unanimous vote, requested to act as a colporter within the Conference. And, by the request of Rev. Mr. Dowse, I visited Sherborn the first of December, 1853.

Called on the clergymen — Rev. Mr. Dowse, Congregationalist, Rev. Mr. Stone, Methodist, and Rev. Mr. Fleming, Unitarian. Made known my errand, and received their hearty approval. I found a population of about a thousand, and two hundred and thirty families. Eighty-three attended Mr. Dowse's church; twenty-four Mr. Stone's; seventy-three Mr. Fleming's; seventeen nowhere; seven were Irish; and the remainder went out of town. Tracts distributed: 'The Sword of the Spirit,' and 'The Lord's Day.' Every family received a tract. Attended three evening meetings, and visited seven schools. Pledged two hundred children. Obtained ninety-one subscribers for the '*American Messenger*.' Spent nine days, and traveled about a hundred and fifty miles. I had not yet asked for or received any compensation for my services. But the Lord blessed my soul, and I hope, in the great day of accounts,

he will own my humble efforts. Had a meeting of all denominations to hear my report. Hope it will make Christians love one another better."

CHAPTER XIV.

COLPORTAGE CONTINUED.

Deacon Morse was encouraged by his experiments and the patronage which he received from the churches, to think that he might, perhaps, take a regular commission from some society, to act as a colporter. Therefore, in his own language, he says again, "In November, I called on Rev. Dr. Dickinson, Secretary, in Boston, of the 'American and Foreign Christian Union.' He wished me to take a commission to act as a missionary in their service. But as they wanted me to labor exclusively for the Catholics, I told him I could not. For I thought if we made them a proscribed class, it would excite their prejudices. I thought I could

do *them* more good by calling on all without distinction. Besides, I could not live to be confined to them; I must have a *breathing-hole.* Well, he said he would write to New York; and if the Society would depart from their common usage, he would let me know. In two or three weeks after, Dr. Dickinson wrote me, saying he had received a line from Dr. Fairchild, and my request would probably be granted."

There was still some delay. And the deacon was always a little impatient if other people did not move as quick as he thought desirable, especially in a good enterprise. Sometimes he would even make his brethren almost feel under the necessity of taking the part of the Lord, because he did not convert sinners fast enough. So we find him writing again as follows:

"*January* 1*st*, 1854. Told my wife I must go out on my own responsibility again. Could not live so. Set out for Holliston.

Called at the Post Office. Found a commission from Dr. Fairchild, Secretary of the 'American and Foreign Christian Union,' dated New York, December 8, 1853. The conditions for three months were twenty-five dollars a month, to labor principally among the Catholics."

This, of course, gave him new courage. And, from that time, he went on in the service of the "American and Foreign Christian Union," for some three years and a half. He confined his labors chiefly to the towns in Middlesex and Worcester counties, which contain a large Catholic population, with an occasional tour to some more remote town or city. The following are specimens of his daily work, taken from his journal:

"*Monday, October 2d,* 1854. Visited in Marlboro' twenty-seven Catholic families, (twelve French,) and eleven Protestant. Traveled sixteen miles. Pledged twenty-four scholars. Visited one Catholic family,

where four or five were playing cards. I asked them if they would not take some of my cards. Said 'yes.' So I gave them some tracts. One of them read aloud. I improved the occasion to the best of my ability. They were uncommonly civil; treated me with far more respect than so many Americans would have been likely to. I was remarkably well received. God bless his truth to their souls. Had an excellent time in the school.

"*Monday, October 23d.* Visited in Milford twenty-three Catholic and two Protestant families. Pledged thirty scholars. Traveled twenty miles. In Milford, said to be three thousand foreigners. Here their drunken priest keeps his subjects in abject submission. In the first family visited to-day, the woman would take no tract; said she would burn every book left there. * * * O how shall I get hold of the hearts of these poor, deluded men and women!

"*Thursday, October 26th.* Set out on a journey to Westfield, with my wife and sister. Arrived at Springfield at twelve, noon. Visited in the afternoon four Catholic families, three Protestant, and five schools; and pledged two hundred and fifty-five scholars. One little girl said she would not pledge herself because she drank wine every day after dinner. I think that family will be a family of drunkards. Visited the armory.

"*Friday, October 27th.* Arrived at Brother J. P—'s at half past one. Did but little the rest of the day. Felt very much dissatisfied with my idleness. Resolved next day to labor. Visited twenty-five Catholic, fifteen Protestant families in four miles travel.

"*Sabbath, 29th.* Attended church at Dr. Davis's, Congregationalist; met a large Sabbath School, and addressed them. Also attended church at the Baptist; found them much broken up by the dismissal of their pastor, Mr. Alden; liked their new candi-

date. Attended meeting in the evening, and was allowed to speak.

"*Monday*, 30*th*. Visited the Normal School, and the Academy, and a school of masters and misses, and pledged two hundred and ten scholars. Had great liberty in addressing them. * * Arrived home at sunset."

He has summed up his labors while engaged three years and a half for the American and Foreign Christian Union, in the following words:

"Whole number of families visited, ten thousand one hundred and seventy-five. Catholic, five thousand six hundred and forty. French and German, seventy-four. Protestant, Irish, and American, four thousand four hundred and forty-one. Tracts distributed, eight thousand two hundred and thirty-five. Where they would receive them, one in a family. Traveled out and in five thousand three hundred and fifty-one miles,

about half on foot. Schools visited, one hundred and eighty-four. Scholars addressed on moral and religious subjects, eleven thousand four hundred and forty-four. Always made an impression on their minds, manifested by weeping. Scholars pledged, eight thousand six hundred and forty-eight. Gave to Catholics, one hundred and sixty Bibles and Testaments. Wrote three hundred and seven letters, some to Catholics, some to sceptics and scoffers. Others, to anxious inquirers and mourners. I have evidence of three or four Protestants being converted by the grace of God, through my poor efforts, and as many Catholics. But the day coming will declare it. Offered prayer in one hundred and eighty Catholic families, and read the Bible and tracts. And, in most families, have had religious conversation and exhortation. Visited poorhouses and prisons. Conversed with murderers, and tried to point them upward for pardon. Visited

the aged, the sick, the anxious, the newborn soul and the scoffer. I thank my God for the privilege of being an humble missionary of the cross. And when I shall be called to close my earthly career, may I meet many in the kingdom, who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

"Towns visited: Hopkinton, Milford, Holliston, Sherborn, Dover, Natick, Southboro', Ashland, Sudbury, Wayland, Marlboro', Weston, West Newton, Newtonville, Lower Falls, Brighton, Cambridge, Boston, Charlestown, Acton, Concord, Lincoln, Westboro', Upton, Millbury, Northboro', Shrewsbury, Holden, Worcester, Westfield, Springfield, and Portland and South Paris in Maine In some of the above places called on but few families; others I have visited several times. Have been generally cordially received. Protestants have been very kind, and almost invariably made me welcome. Trust the extensive accquaintance formed

will result in the furtherance of the gospel, and the growth of grace in our hearts.

(Signed,) SAMUEL MORSE, aged 65.

Hopkinton, April 10, 1857."

It is evident from the above that Deacon Morse, after his own method, performed a prodigious amount of missionary work. And abating some indiscretions of enthusiastic zeal and limited knowledge, — the merest peccadillos of a faithful Christian life, — he performed a good service for his employers and the cause of Christian benevolence. His health had begun to decline. But the special reasons for dissolving his connection with the "American and Foreign Christian Union" will be seen from the following official letter from Dr. Dickinson, the Secretary at Boston:

"No. 15 Cornhill,
Boston, Jan. 6, 1857.

Deacon Morse,

Dear Sir:

"* * * * It has been thought best to have your labors in the service of our society brought to a close before long. Our means are limited, rather diminishing than increasing, for a number of months past. Your field has had as much labor as its relative importance claims, and even more, at present. There are large communities of the Romanists in different parts of the country, to which we have yet been unable to send a missionary. At the same time the Foreign field is opening with increasing promise, and claims at once a larger share of our attention and efforts. I am happy to assure you of our entire confidence in your industry, faithfulness and efficiency during the period of your

connection with the society as a missionary. And, should you deem it desirable, you are at liberty to continue your labors a month or two longer.

Yours sincerely,

B. DICKINSON."

CHAPTER XV.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In the year 1845, Deacon Morse conceived the plan of endeavoring to be useful by correspondence. He writes: "Up to this time I had hardly dared to expose my poor education by writing. Spelling always came hard to me." And it would seem to his friends sometimes, as though he tried hard to spell wrong. Yet it may be borne in mind that there is very little correction in all he wrote, except with regard to the mere matter of spelling. The thoughts are all his. And very seldom has there been any change made in the words of these extracts. But he goes on to say in his journal, "My privileges were limited in my youth. Our

schools were very short. Never studied grammar but six weeks. Hardly dared to write out of the family circle. Still I wanted to give vent to thought and feeling for the salvation of my fellow sinners. At length, knowing that I had but one talent, I was required to use it. I resolved to make a beginning. Wrote to a pauper in a neighboring town. Learning it was well received and some impression produced, I ventured to expose myself again. Finding that I could write a hand that could be read, I thought, if it was not spelt right, my meaning was understood. So my correspondence was increased, and the great day will show the results."

From this time he was moved to write, as a means of usefulness, to any one in whose person or circumstances he, for any reason, felt a special interest. He wrote to those in affliction, the widow and the orphan; his teachers in the Sabbath School; his brethren

and sisters in the church, both old and young; and sometimes to strangers; in all cases, however, showing a rare versatility, and adapting himself remarkably to their various vocations and conditions in life. The following is an extract from a letter, which he wrote to a young man who was about going to sea:

"HOPKINTON, Aug. 3, 1855.

Mr. J—— M——,

Dear Sir:

"* * * * * The voyage you are about to make is a hard one, and attended with much danger. But as you have before braved dangers and buffeted the storms, you will not be a green tar. Nevertheless you will need the protecting care of Him who holds the winds in his fists, and rides upon the storm. Then, my son, (for I write as a father,) commit yourself to him by solemn

prayer and consecration, ask him to go with you, and he will bless you. Carry with you the Bible, and do n't be ashamed to read it. Take other good books and histories which will help you while away many a lonely hour. Be humane, but decided and firm in your command. Lay out no unnecessary work for the Holy Sabbath. Let that day, as far as possible, be regarded as sacred by reading and prayer. And should there be any one on board who can lead in devotion, call all hands for worship. Do n't suffer the intoxicating bowl to find quarter in your proud ship. And gambling, do n't let it be so much as named among you. Should you enter any port where the Bethel flag is unfurled, may you and your men find your way there. You may have green hands on board, perhaps sons and brothers whose mothers and sisters are at home spending sleepless nights and saying 'Oh that I could hear from my dear boy' — 'my poor

brother, — how can he forget us?' Now, sir, I ask you to watch over such, guard their morals, and see that they write their friends. * * * Now, my son, I commit you to the care of Him who weighs the mountains in scales, and makes the sea to boil like a pot. May he protect you, when the lightnings flash, and the winds blow, and waves roar. May your bark plow the mighty surge, and you return in safety to your home and friends,

The prayer of your friend,

SAMUEL MORSE."

The following was written to a deaf maiden member of the church, in the early part of his last sickness:

"WOODVILLE, Jan. 13, 1859.

MY BELOVED SISTER IN CHRIST:

"Being deprived the privilege of meeting you in the house of God, I greet thee as

one that was in Christ before me, and as one that will endure unto the end, if thou holdest fast thy confidence, knowing in whom thou hast believed.

"And, sister, I need not waste time and paper to write a long epistle about doctrines and creeds, for I know you are well established in the truth.

"But I would rather stir up thy pure mind by way of remembrance. First, you must not think, because you are old and cannot hear, and have an old, aching, worn-out body to care for, you cannot do anything. No; an old Christian, if he has tried to magnify his office as a disciple of Jesus, is beloved by God and man. Even the impenitent fear and respect him. If not, when in health, why do they shrink away from his presence? But in sickness he is the first they want to see.

"How good old Abraham was respected when he stood up before the children of

Heth, suing for a burial-place for his dead! Good old Jacob, too, after a long life of toil, and mourning for his poor Joseph, and weeping over the sins, folly, and cruelty of his sons, left his home in Canaan, and hastened to Egypt to see his beloved son. And there, after blessing Pharaoh seventeen years, there is not much recorded of him. But, without doubt, he was filling up the evening of his long and useful life at home, or, perhaps, in visiting his children, imparting his timely counsels. But more especially I seem to see him by the way and in the house, trying to make lasting impressions on the minds and hearts of his grandchildren. But his mightiest effort he put forth as his children and grandchildren gathered around his dying bed. And, after giving each his prophetic blessing, he gathered up himself and died.

"Mary Magdalene was first at the sepulchre. And Paul says, 'Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa.' Why? Because they labor-

ed in the Lord; did many good things by way of benevolence. And God noticed their self-denials and all the hard speeches and slanders from their impenitent neighbors. Then he says, 'Salute the beloved Persis, which labored much in the Lord.' Yes; she lives over there in a secluded place, hardly known by the fashionable world. Yes; methinks I hear Paul say, 'I have often wended my way to her humble cot; oft has she refreshed me, when faint, from her scanty store; oft has she washed my stripes and bathed my temples, as I escaped from a ruthless mob.' Many of Paul's converts have stolen away to seek her counsels and listen to her prayers.

"Now, don't feel, sister, you can't do anything. Why, that laboring desire, that prayer, that tear, that kind word, giving that tract, visiting that sick family, — all these, and ten thousand little things, God don't forget.

"I feel I am a poor, wicked, unfaithful servant, and often fear I shall be a cast-away. Yet sometimes I feel I am doing more for God and to save my fellow men than when in health. As my sleep departs in the night-watches, I lay my plans for the morrow — write to this one, and send a tract to that. Up, sister; take down thy harp; — tell the church to watch.

SAMUEL MORSE."

The following is a letter which he wrote to a boy eight years old:

"HOPKINTON, May 3, 1851.

MASTER ——:

"Your kind letter was duly received, and I owe you an apology for deferring an answer so long. But I think you will pardon me when I tell you that the spring time with farmers is very hurrying. And, as your father is not a farmer, and as you are young

and never lived with a farmer, though you have seen your father work in the garden, and how Mr. P— growed potatoes on the Common, and Mr. C— sowed his peas, yet none of them are exactly farmers. No ; they go into the garden and work in the morning when it is cool, and again toward evening. But a farmer must work all day, rise early, milk his cows, bait his team, feed his hogs and chickens, eat his breakfast, yoke his team, and get into the field at six o'clock, and work hard all day every day. So you will excuse me. And always respect the farmer. For, if there were no farmers, you would have no milk, no potatoes, no bread, no pie, no warm clothes to wear.

" When you stand out on the Common, and look up to the blue sky, you think you stand in the middle of the earth. Well, when you go to P— to see your grand parents, it looks so there ; or when you go to H—, or to C—, it looks so there. And if

you should go to R—, where your father went, it would look just so there. Then what a great world this is! And who made it? Who made the beautiful, bright, and warm sun? — the silver moon, and dotted the heavens with bright stars? You will answer, 'God.' Yes, what a great and powerful being God is! Well; he also makes the grass to grow, the little violet, and the dewdrop; yes, the pretty robin and the swallow; the varying seasons too. The spring now begins to revive all nature. The voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Soon the rose will put on her blushing cheek; the trees will blossom; and the little songsters will warble forth their notes of praise, and gambol amid the branches.

"I suppose you have studied astronomy some, and that tells us that the thousand little stars we see are suns for other worlds, and that this great earth on which so many millions live, is but a speck in God's domain;

and that the earth turns round with great velocity. When I was a boy, there was an old man that used to work for my father. He said he thought that those people that lived on the other side would fare hard, and the wells would turn bottom-side up, and spill all the water out. I suppose you attend school. Improve your time. You have great advantages. When I was a boy, our schools were but six or eight weeks, and, as I was the oldest, I had to stay at home, and help father. Our school-books were the Testament, Webster's Spelling Book, American Preceptor, and the Assembly's Catechism. Our story-books, 'The History of Tom Thumb,' and 'This is the House that Jack Built.'

"I could tell you a great many incidents if I had room; how I was drafted out in the war in 1814; saw a poor soldier shot dead while kneeling down beside his coffin. I could tell you of bad boys that would not

obey their parents, and they make miserable men; of boys that used to hide behind the trees and walls to get out of my sight when I was going to church; of the old house we lived in; the old well; the grape vine; the tree that had a hole in it, where I used to catch bluebirds; I would tell you how I used to visit my grandparents, uncles, and aunts. But now they are almost all dead, and I am an old man. Yet I love to talk with little boys; because, when I was a boy, I loved those that spake to me; and, when they gave me good advice, I would try to remember and practise it. We had no Sabbath Schools then, and no meeting, except on Sabbath days; yet we had to say the catechism, and go to meeting Thanksgiving and Fast Days, and not play till the sun was down. Yet I was a wicked boy, and did not love the Saviour till I was nineteen years old.

"I hope you will try to love the Saviour when you are young. Don't go with bad

boys ; love and obey your parents ; read your Bible every day ; and have a place where you can go alone ; and pray to God for a new heart. And, as you have one dear mother in heaven, oh, try to be ready to go there too when you die. Won't you write me again? That will improve your gifts. My regards to your parents, and all your little friends.

SAMUEL MORSE."

Again, writing to the same lad at the age of fifteen, in November, 1858, he says :

"MY YOUNG FRIEND.

"I have, for a long time, felt a desire to know your feelings in regard to your salvation. Last winter I think the Holy Spirit strove with you, and I still hope you are not insensible to the claims of the Saviour to your best affections. I have noticed the falling tear, and the close attention to the preached word.

"Now, —— I want to talk with you just as though I were seated by your side, and nobody saw us but God. And need I tell you, that though you are moral, you are a sinner; that you have broken God's holy law, and how many times you have grieved away the Holy Spirit? — how many prayers your father and mother have sent up to heaven for you? * * * * * * Your sainted mother consecrated you to her Saviour, and before your remembrance, she passed from earth to heaven. But the last dedication of her boy, her last prayer for her darling, the last look, as she commended her loved one to her God, bids me hope that you will set out, while young, to do those things you know would please her. * * * * * Your privileges have been more than most others. And I do hope you will come out clear, and gladden the hearts of your parents, and those who sympathized with a dying mother by pledging their prayers and charities for your bene-

fit. In conclusion let me say, —— Examine yourself and come to the Saviour now; don't wait for greater conviction. Decide, at once, to follow Christ. I wish you would write me just how you feel, and believe me your friend,

SAMUEL MORSE."

CHAPTER XVI.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED.

Living remote from his minister, Deacon Morse would often address him by letter. And sometimes, when his pastor was absent from his people, he would be encouraged by a letter from his good deacon. Take the following extract for a specimen when he was on a journey to the West —

"Hopkinton, Thursday morning,
June 13, 1853.

Respected Pastor.

"I have, for a few days past, felt I was almost useless. I can't get out to meeting; cannot work, and have been obliged to lay aside my pen on account of a felon on my

finger. It is not so painful now. Yet it is with a good deal of difficulty I can hold my pen. You will excuse me, dear brother, while I attempt to speak a word to cheer you on in duty. I know you have many trials. But I think God has thus far enabled you to rise above them all. So long, dear brother, as you trust in him, and preach the preaching he bids you, do n't fear. When I consider how you came among us, and that more than fourteen years have passed away since you first stood on Zion's walls, and so faithfully and fearlessly sounded the alarm in Zion, and how signally God has owned and blessed your labors among us, I say, brother, do n't fear; God has stood by you in many dark hours, and he will fit you for many more. 'Be strong and of good courage.' Oh that I could feel more confidence in my Saviour! Many a time, when low and desponding, have I been cheered on to duty by your example and counsel. And

may you be spared many years more to point this dear people to the Lamb of God." * *

Then he adds to his pastor's wife, who was absent with her husband, delicately and kindly appreciating her position and feelings.

"DEAR MADAM:

"I trust you will never feel that you are not wanted here. Be assured that you share the mutual love and esteem that are lavished upon your husband. I know very well your place is one hard to fill, coming after one so useful, so beloved, and one the sisters all looked up to for counsel. Don't wonder you sometimes feel sad, and want to get away. * * *

Then he begins his address again to both.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

"I thought I had done, but ten thousand thoughts come rushing through my

mind. Oh the relation you sustain to this people! Oh the responsibilities! They are enough to weigh down your spirits. To stand between the living and the dead; to be a savor of life to some, and a savor of death to others, how awful! Oh God, wilt thou strengthen and sustain thy servants? Oh how much grace you need, how much humility, self-denial, abounding love, and deep-toned piety! Oh that I could be of some humble service to you! Oh, will you not forgive all that you have seen amiss? How many times you have had occasion to weep over my cold neglect and unwillingness to take up my cross, — a thousand inconsistencies!

"But I seem to look forward a little longer, and all will be over with me on earth. Unconverted children, I fear I shall meet at the bar of God! Oh, what is this church doing to save sinners! Few feel the worth of souls! Lord, come and revive us again.

Oh, I want, brother and sister, to encourage you on. Don't linger. But I must stop. I have to write with my forefinger muffled witn a heavy poultice. Excuse me, and believe me your friend.

S. MORSE."

The following was written to a young man just entered upon his ministerial work, and who supplied the pulpit a Sabbath or two during the vacation of the deacon's pastor. And coming from an humble layman speaking purely from the effect of preaching upon his own heart, it may serve as a useful lesson to other young ministers, on the art of sacred rhetoric. It is so regarded and improved by the good brother to whom it was addressed:

"AUGUST 16, 18—.

MR. ——, my young Brother:

"I listened with much interest to two well written, well timed, and, if I am a

judge, truly gospel sermons from you yesterday. And the framework and scripture illustrations were far beyond your years, unless I misjudge your age. It was said that, when the lamented Thomas Spencer entered the pulpit, a stranger took him to be a boy who had missed his way, and strolled into the desk.

"My brother, many long years have passed away since you commenced a course of study to qualify yourself for an ambassador of Jesus Christ, a herald of salvation to lost and dying men. Your field, at present, is the world; and your daily prayer is, 'Lord, how shall I best glorify thee, and do the most to save sinners?' Paul says to his Corinthian brethren, 'But covet earnestly the best gifts.' Will you, my son, suffer me to give you a few words of advice? We always want to know how to do things to accomplish the best results. I know men are made with a diversity of gifts. I know

too the power of habit. But the capability of the mind for improvement is wonderful.

"You will find enough to stimulate a young minister in Paul's directions to Timothy, second book. Read it, my son. I noticed you was much confined to your notes. It will require much effort to break from that habit. But you can do it. Not, perhaps, all at once. Write your sermons; then commit. Begin now. Manner has much to do in effecting the matter. Earnestness is necessary to awaken interest. True humility gives boldness. Confidence, devoid of conceit, is a virtue that ought to be coveted in a public speaker. But 'how shall I break away from reading my sermons?' By committing as much as possible. Have the divisions and subdivisions before you. Then lead off under those heads as your heart dictates. And when you come to the improvement or application, close your book, and apply with an overflowing heart. Bring some model

before you. Take Paul before Agrippa, Whitefield, Payson, or some modern pattern orator. Some gestures are indispensable, — now an erect posture, — then stooping over, hands talking! — then facing to the right or to the left; — now and then a raised voice, as 'Lazarus, come forth:' — or a soft, plaintive strain, as, 'How can I give thee up, Ephraim?'

"I know, brother, how you feel. You are afraid of the charge of ostentation or bigotry. But you must throw off these trammels. 'Let no man despise thy youth.'

"I have written these things, my young brother, because I love a youthful minister, and where I know there is a foundation to work upon. I do feel anxious to have him covet the best gifts. Piety and holy living are indispensable. Some field the Lord is desiring you to cultivate. Carry with you the gospel axe, the pruning-hook, and the plane. 'Sermons are sickles.' Make them

cut. Do n't be afraid of leaving ragged points unpolished.

" While on my mission, I visited a school. And one line of the children's song was: 'I 'll make a mark.' Yes, brother, you will try and make a mark, that, with the help of God, will tell on eternity. You will excuse me for this unasked advice, and take it for what it is worth, and ever believe me your friend.

SAMUEL MORSE."

The correspondence of Deacon Morse was confined, for the most part, to those in the humbler walks of life. But, with a suitable apology, it was perhaps not uncommon for him to write to persons in high official stations, to remind them affectionately of their moral and Christian obligations, and to urge them to a faithful discharge of their duties to both God and man. Representatives, senators and governors could testify to this

method of conveying to them his kind and earnest admonitions. Whether wisely or unwisely, he flattered himself, with the best of motives, that in this way, God might be pleased to use the weak things of the world to confound the mighty. And the following extract from a letter to a distinguished Massachusetts statesman and member of Congress, will serve as a specimen:

"With what eagerness did I grasp the daily papers while you stood for more than eight long weeks before the country, a leading candidate for the speakership! Never, since the day that John Quincy Adams dared to stand up in his place and plead for the right of petition, had this country felt such intense anxiety. With what joy and lightning speed was it telegraphed through the country that justice and principle had once triumphed in the halls of Congress!

"You need wisdom and strength from on high. Ask it of Him who imparted liberally

to him who truly desires it. Washington was a man of prayer. John Quincy Adams read his Bible daily. General Harrison, on his way to Congress to fill the Presidential chair, called at the old Mansion House, and visited the little room where his mother used to take him while a little boy to kneel by her side as she laid her hand on his head and commended him to God in prayer. A few years ago, when Governor Slade was a member of Congress, I learned that he, and Honorable J. R. Giddings and a few members used to hold prayer meetings. O, sir, could there be such meetings now among the members of Congress, I should hope for my country.

"You may wonder who this illiterate stranger is. I am a farmer. For sixty years I followed my plow. For two and a half I have been laboring in the service of the 'American and Foreign Christian Union,' visiting Catholic and other families. Visited

more than seven thousand. Visit schools also for the purpose of arousing the energies of scholars in learning, and have pledged nearly seven thousand against the use of intoxicating drink and tobacco. * * *

"Heaven smile on our guilty land, and roll back the tide of oppression, intemperance, infidelity, and popery.

Yours with respect.

SAMUEL MORSE."

CHAPTER XVII.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED.

Among his other correspondence, Deacon Morse wrote various communications for public gatherings and the press. The following was addressed to a Sabbath School Convention:

"To the Committee of Arrangements of the grand celebration of Sabbath Schools to convene at Framingham Grove the 30th of August 1854.

Gentlemen:

"It would have afforded me great satisfaction to be present at your festive board with the Sabbath Schools. I have had the honor of being superintendent for sixteen

years. Sickness prevents my attendance with you. One bright gem of our school in my family has been prostrated with fever for five weeks. And many times have we expected to be called to see her die.

"But, gentlemen, I am limited to seven minutes, and must be brief. And first, I say that much more credit is due to our excellent teachers for the interest kept up in our school than to the superintendant. Our present number, this summer, pleasant Sabbaths, is about one hundred and sixty. Since we adopted the plan of systematic benevolence, we have averaged more than a hundred dollars a year. We have sent off more than thirty libraries; made about twenty Life Members of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, sent out several boxes of clothing to the poor missionary, and the poor fugitives in Canada. And during the last two or three years, twenty-four have committed the Assembly's Catechism; and some twenty have

professed to have found the Saviour. At present we have to mourn the absence of the Holy Spirit.

"I trust, gentlemen, you will have a pleasant gathering. I should like to peep in on those sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, and hear them sing, and sit with folded hands while superintendents and pastors address them. Ask them to look back and think of some sick sister or lame brother who could not come. And, did they leave any poor orphans behind? I hope not. And when they return home, if they think of one poor drunkard's child that does not go to the Sabbath School, let them hasten before another Sabbath, and see him, and speak some kind word to him. If it is for want of a dress, or a pair of shoes, or bonnet, let them hasten back to their mothers, and tell them they feel unhappy to leave them behind to perish while they have a plenty and to spare. Say, 'O mother, may I not give Lucy that

dress you thought was not quite good enough for me, and Mary that bonnet? Oh how happy they will be! I thought Lucy's and Mary's mother cried when I asked them to go to the Sabbath School.'

"And then, there are the poor children away out West. I suppose that Rev. Mr. Bullard will be there to tell you all about them, and how you must get money to send out books. Then there is the 'Musquito' story, and 'Donkey and I,' and a score of others he will tell you, so you won't want to buy any candy for a month.

"But I shall run out my time soon. So I will say a word about union. Now we have heard the politicians say a great deal about preserving the Union. And they have really frightened a great many men, so that they have submitted to the aggressions of the slave power, till they have got Texas, the Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave bill, and

the Compromise bill, and all to preserve the Union.

"Now we don't want any such union to hold our Sabbath Schools together. We want love to each other. And I think the gathering you will have to-day shows that we have it. Let the Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists have their separate organizations, constitutions, and question books. But we will have union. Why, gentlemen, when I was a boy, the Methodists were called 'ranters, bawling, barking, and frothing like mad dogs!' — the Baptists a race of 'bigoted, self-righteous, illiberal fanatics,' and the Congregationalists or Orthodox, 'brimstone-corner fatalists, making God a respecter of persons.' Now these hard names are laid aside; and, although we labor separately, and sacrifice no principles, yet we love one another.

"I would speak, were there time, of visiting each other's schools, and the acquaintance

such social gatherings would be likely to form; — of the injury professors are doing in not patronizing the Sabbath School by their presence; — of more personal effort in getting scholars to attend; — of the teacher's responsibility; — of the importance of training our youth to habits of benevolence; and, should this gathering prove beneficial, of rallying again another year.

"Soon the scene will commence of gathering around the festive board. I wish I could be there. I should forget, for the moment, that my head was all whitened for the grave. I should feel young as I listened to the songs of children. And I would mount the stand, and say to the hundreds of children and youth before me; 'Hearken! there is a viper before you. Thousands have been bitten by him. He is lurking in our villages. You have seen men and boys bitten, and I am afraid he will bite you, unless you pledge before he entices.' 'Pledge to what?' you

ask. Pledge, by holding up your right hand, here in Framingham Grove, before these ministers, superintendents, teachers and parents, that you will never drink any thing that will intoxicate, nor use in any form that nasty narcotic called tobacco. I should love to add all your names to the more than two thousand that I have already obtained."

He wrote articles repeatedly which were published in the "*Well Spring*" and the "*Congregationalist.*" The following appeared in the *Congregationalist,* giving his views of protracted meetings, dated Aug. 4, 1856:

"MESSRS EDITORS: — I was rejoiced to notice, in your valuable paper of August 1, an account of a protracted meeting lately held in Rehoboth and vicinity. It brought to my mind the scenes of 1831–2, when protracted meetings were so signally blessed in various churches. Our sainted Phelps of Hopkinton,

Perry of Mendon, and Fay of Northboro', reaped golden harvests of souls.

"And, as I write, I seem to see old Dr. Beecher, in the midst of a dense crowd, raise his glasses, and, with streaming eyes and overflowing heart, urge poor sinners to Christ. Yes, and that old lady of seventy-five, who was induced to go four and a half miles to attend this feast of tabernacles, was constrained to yield her heart to Christ. She lived ten years to test her love. And often has she referred to that glorious meeting as the means of her salvation. There is a sacredness which clusters around those blessed days of revival, which the churches would do well to bring to remembrance — each, what is in its own vicinity. In mine, and I will add Upton, with its beloved Wood; Holliston, with its Fitch; Natick, with its Moore; Framingham, with its Trask; and Southboro', with its Follet.

"But why were those blessed meetings

laid aside? Ah! the cry was raised in some quarters that they brought so many false professors into the churches!

"Now, Messrs Editors, I would ask, in all candor, whether there were more hypocritical professors, judging by their fruits, received then, according to their numbers, than there have been since? I know very well there were preparations made on the part of the church before the meeting to secure God's blessing. So there must be now. The churches must humble themselves before the Lord, the stumbling-blocks taken out of the way, and a holy reliance felt on the Holy Spirit.

"Let a special meeting of a given church be called. Let the anxious pastor say, "Brethren and sisters, I feel that it is high time to awake. Souls are perishing, and something must be done. I have been inquiring of the Lord what more I can do? And now, I ask you, what you are willing

to do. Are you individually willing to make sacrifices and earnest efforts for the revival of God's work among us? Shall we, in two months from this time, hold a protracted meeting? Will you remember that contemplated meeting in all your secret devotions? Will you attend a weekly prayer meeting to ask the Holy Spirit's influence on the meeting? Will you make a new consecration of your hearts unto the Lord?

"Let this be done, and I doubt not, those joyful days of revival, from the presence of the Lord, will again be enjoyed. There Dr. Beecher will seem to renew his youth again. Then will the jarring elements of our churches be healed, and they will look forth fair as the moon, and clear as the sun? Then will the monster sins of slavery and intemperance hide their heads; and our distracted country be rocked to peace and quiet."

The following extracts are from a com-

munication, which he sent to the same paper at a latter date :

"To the Editors of the

Congregationalist.

Gentlemen : Having visited most of the towns and churches in South Middlesex as a colporter, three or four years past, and having a desire to see the place where Emmons, the great New England divine, lived and labored so long, I left my home on the morning of one of the beautiful days of May. All nature seemed springing into life ; the trees just beginning to put forth their blossoms, the birds to choose their mates, the farmer to cast his seed into the earth, the flocks to graze in the meadows, the insects to hum in the air, while the little rills from the hill sides came murmuring down to swell the crooked rivulets that skirt the meadow, silently winding their way to join the majes-

tic river and to be swallowed up in the mighty ocean.

My way led me through the beautiful town of Holliston that is at this time so signally blessed by the conversion of scores and hundreds of both societies to gladden the hearts of their faithful pastors. It was here the faithful Dickinson sowed the seed, and watered it with his tears; after which, Wheaton, Fitch, and others gathered the fruits.

"Leaving Holliston, I soon found myself in the beautiful village of West Medway. Here, too, the Lord is blessing the labors of the venerable Dr. Ide, who, for nearly fifty years, has labored faithfully. And now, as though God would cheer in old age his servant, a gracious work is progressing among his people, — though silently, yet effectually. Never was a pastor more respected and beloved by a people. After refreshments were served, I was delighted to hear my venerable

host relate some of the events and incidents of his ministry. Dr. Ide has one son settled in the gospel ministry, and another preparing for the sacred office. His daughter is the widow of the martyr Torrey.

"Passing through this village, one hour's ride brought me into Franklin. Some good farms skirt the road side. The village schoolhouse and the small manufactory in the distance meet the eye. But before the stranger enters the village, as if to excite meditation, and prepare the eye to gaze with more intense delight on the object sought, one has to pass a long way of shrubbery, no house to be seen, no flocks grazing there, and he begins to ask himself 'Where is Franklin?'

"But soon the desert begins to blossom. The eye soon rests on the place made venerable by the name it bears, — Franklin, from whom the town received a valuable library, which is held in veneration for its donor's

sake. There is the towering spire and the splendid mansion. The straw bonnet manufactory, which has enriched its owner, and given employment to so many, is the mart of the place. But the great curiosity that meets the stranger is the elegant monument erected in memory of the venerable pastor, Rev. Dr. Emmons, standing in the middle of a beautiful green. * * *

"The Rev. Samuel Hunt, the third pastor after Dr. Emmons, is now the minister. And to follow so soon in the footsteps of that great divine must require much wisdom and skill. Every heresy is soon detected. Although but few of the old landmarks still survive, yet their descendants will not soon forget to walk in the footsteps of their fathers. Making it my home at Brother Hunt's, I visited some families; — several aged people. Among the rest, Mr. and Mrs. Thayer, now aged eighty, from whom I learned much of Dr. Emmons. Visited the ceme-

tery, — stood by the grave of the divine, — his two wives and children. A plain old-fashioned slatestone marks his bed. His name will live after those of warriors and statesmen shall have been obliterated. In the evening, accompanied the pastor to the place of prayer. Although no special interest is manifest, yet I could see many responses, 'Lord, revive thy work,' in the eye, and hear them in the exhortations. Felt I was in a solemn place. For Dr. Emmons had been there, and wielded God's truth mightily. The house and vestry have been remodeled since his death. None of the old furniture in the vestry where we were assembled but the desk with its old, worn cushions. As I stood by it, I thought how often the great expounder had spread his Bible there while unfolding its glorious truths, which were life unto life to some, and death unto death to others.

"Next day, after leaving my kind host, vis-

ited Rev. Mr. Thayer; with him visited a sick lady, who is rich in good works. And after making a few calls, left the place, and *Franklin* I shall ever cherish in my memory."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED.

It is fitting to close this exhibition of Deacon Morse's correspondence with two or three communications, which he addressed to his pastor and his beloved church from his sick room, during his last illness.

"Woodville,
Wednesday morning, Dec. 29, '58

Rev. ——

My dear Pastor:

"I am yet shut up in my front room. But I have many things to comfort me. I am not racked with severe pain. I have a good home, while my Saviour had none. I have

a kind wife to wait on me. And last of all, I have a hope I am a Christian though very unworthy.

"When I pass many sleepless hours in the night watches, I think over things past, present, and to come. I think how near I am to my journey's end. I think of my beloved church, and how many years I have been permitted to meet them in the house of God, in the prayer meeting, and the Sabbath School. Precious seasons! but nearly all over now. I thing of the loved ones trained and brought to Jesus in our Sabbath School. I love to read over the names of such. And when I turn to the catalogue of our Infant class, some of whom are now married, some teachers, some moved away, and some in heaven, I praise and thank my God for giving me a place to walk among them in former days, and a hope to meet them in glory.

"My dear pastor, I think of you, how you

came among us in your youth; you have, as it were, grown up with us. These twenty years you have watched over us by night and by day. You have lifted up your voice like a trumpet, where thou sawest the enemy coming. You have not turned to us the sick and the lean; these thou hast kept to thyself, and given us the healthy and the fat. While drought by day, and frost by night, have consumed thy health, and worn thy frame, we, as a people, have grown fat. Thou hast impoverished thyself to make us rich. O, my brother, thou hast been like a Jonathan to David, while an ungrateful Saul, at times, has been seeking thy life.

"But thou hast outridden the storm, and those twenty years have given you a home, and a burial among us. Next Sabbath, my seat will be empty at the table. Hope you and the church, will, in deed and in truth, meet the Saviour there.

"Brother, I feel I have a work to do at

home, — and as I was wakeful last night, I thought of this one and that I might try to save. The most prominent was Mr. J—— C——; poor man, no happiness here, none in prospect. I am going to write him. Will you pray it may be set home by the Holy Ghost? How is Sister Bowker? Suppose she is almost home. Tell Brother Bowker to trust in God, and stand up for Jesus. How is E—— W——? Tell him to ride up, and bring his pastor, and see me. Greet Sister Guy; Brother and Sisters Walker and Greenwood; salute Tryphena and all the saints.

"Now, my pastor, I want you to forgive everything you have seen in me that has grieved you, I have a great conflict with sin, and a wicked heart. I hope, if I ever get out again, to show more of the spirit of Christ. My kind regards to Mrs. W.

From your friend,

S. Morse."

"P. S. — My health has improved a little."

"WOODVILLE,
"Sab. 4 P. M., March 20, 1859.

BELOVED PASTOR:

"Having a few moments to address you, with an opportunity to forward by my son, I take my pen to send a few hasty lines. On some accounts my health is improved, but others keep me back. I cannot sit to write, — have piled two rude boxes on the top of my table, and with a trembling hand I now write you.

"I have read, the week past, '*The Higher Christian Life.*' While alone in my room, it brought me often upon my knees. Oh, the grand secret of holy living; faith in Christ; Christ in the soul; living in Christ; walking in Christ; Christ everywhere; at home, abroad, in company or alone, sick or well; justification through faith. It made me feel I have never yet learned the way to

do good, or to receive good. Have a hope I experienced the new birth forty-six years ago. But the second birth, I fear, I never had.

"Can we not see now, why we have had so few revivals? Tried and tried, I fear, in our own strength. Oh, if I could get in the track of those instanced, how happy! how useful! Yes, my brother, could I lay all my burden on Christ — let him do the work, — and I, only, as the earthen pitcher, to bear the blessed gospel from door to door; Christ the foundation, finishing, and top-stone, in the glorious fabric of salvation; then, then would sinners fly, like doves to their windows. Do n't wonder the jailer trembled when he heard the prayer and praise of Paul and Silas, in their chains at midnight. Do n't wonder, that, when Peter went down to Cæsarea, at the call of Cornelius, who had invited his gentile neighbors to come in, the Holy Ghost came upon them. Do n't won-

der, that, on the day of Pentecost, three thousand were converted. Because, in every instance, Jesus Christ was set forth as the great atoning sacrifice. 'In his name we stand forth before you, as his witnesses, that God raised him from the dead, whom ye slew and hanged on the tree.' Yes, Peter had experienced the second conversion, and did not preach himself, but Jesus Christ the Lord.

"Do n't it give you new courage, my brother, to start anew? Oh, that this church would rest awhile, and seek this new and living way. Oh, I feel I have been a cumberer of the ground. Oh, that now, at the age of sixty-seven, I may be restored so I can again go from house to house, with a softened heart and weeping eyes, and try to bring a bride to my Master!

"Brother, I am far from feeling right; I need humility, humble trust, sanctified affections, holy boldness, a heart full of faith,

sanctified faith; and then God would work by me, though weak, and multiply converts like the morning dew. I want to see you and Brother Forbes again. Come, and stop long enough to help each other in this new and living way.

From your friend and brother,

S. MORSE."

Such an example of pious zeal and expression of interest, affection and confidence, on the part of a parishioner, could not fail to comfort and encourage his pastor, and prompt him to greater diligence in the Master's work. And if there were more such parishioners and deacons, there could not fail to be more faithful ministers.

But Deacon Morse loved his church as well as his minister, and, even on his dying bed, labored to quicken his brethren in their duty. This will be seen by the following, which was addressed, through his pastor, to the church :

"HOPKINTON, July 12, 1859.

MY BELOVED PASTOR:

"From a sick bed, I arise to address a few lines, through you, to our beloved church.

"My beloved: After mingling my poor services with yours in the church of our common Lord, for more than forty-six years, disease has at last overtaken me with such violence, I hardly dare to hope I shall personally labor any more with you, or hear your familiar voices any more in the conference room, or the Sabbath School. And, as the fathers and the mothers are fast retreating, and the young soldiers are martialing their strength to the battle, you will suffer me, in few words, to give you a father's blessing. And how shall I do it any better than by referring you to Peter, when old age and infirmities had overtaken him?

"'Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in

this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance.

"'Knowing that shortly I must put off this, my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me.

"'Moreover, I will, that ye may be able, after my decease, to have these things always in remembrance.'

"How Peter loved the church ever after committing that awful sin of denying his Lord! So every Christian will love the church. And his love will manifest itself by self-denial, and great personal effort to maintain its peace and prosperity. As Peter's life had been long and useful, he did not stop at this time to introduce and enlarge upon a long array of arguments upon the fundamental doctrines; but exhorted simply to add to their faith, virtue; to their virtue, knowledge; to their knowledge, temperance; to their temperance, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.

"'But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten he was purged from his old sins.

"'Wherefore, the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure.'

"For this church I have long labored. You are my brethren. And to you, I must shortly delegate back the trust you have reposed in me. I thank you for all your kindness. As my home has been so far from the center, I have often partaken of your hospitalities. The countenances of your children are familiar. God grant my feeble efforts among them may not all be lost. I want to see them by my bedside.

"And now, my beloved, as my life is ebbing to its close, will you suffer me a few words of advice, to be remembered after my decease!

"Let the cause of Christ be your cause. 'Except ye deny yourselves and take up the

cross, ye cannot be Christ's disciples.' When the cause of Christ and the world clash, hark! how will you decide? Be steadfast in the truth. Oh how Peter mourned over his instability! Sometimes we say, of such a man or woman, 'You know just where to find them' — 'straight, go ahead, no dodging there!' Ah! that is the man who will be useful.

"Be very careful of the reputation of each other. Backbiting is like canker to the soul. If a brother or sister is misrepresented, it is our duty to see that a blot is not permitted to settle down upon his or her Christian character. If a brother is in fault, go thyself, and with kindness reclaim him. Don't tell it first to thy neighbor.

"Watch over the lambs. Take that young brother or sister, and lead them to Jesus. After they get into the church, older Christians too often neglect them. Put them forward, — call on them to speak and pray.

Then they will be helps in the church, instead of weights; and under this head, let me say, do n't pass by strangers. Go, speak to that young man. Let him know he is not among strangers. And, O, that mother will rise up in judgment, and call you blessed.

"Be kind to your pastor. Paul asked the prayers of the church for him, that 'he might be delivered from the unjust and cruel man.' Yes, ministers are earthen vessels. Let us be careful how we mar those vessels from which our children sip. Let us bear the pastor's burthens with him. He needs our sympathy; he is nothing but a man; he needs to be fed, clothed, and housed, and he is worthy of his hire. Oh, then be united in his support. God will bless a church and minister, who mutually take each other by the hand, and each of whom does his part in bearing the ark.

"And as a church and parish, I understand, you have resolved to repair the house

of the Lord. Go on, my brethren, unitedly. Oh let there be no discord, — no jealousy. Let pastor and people be one. And although I may never be permitted to mingle with you in those outward courts, I have a hope of meeting you in those heavenly mansions.

"Let prayer and alms go together. Always ask the Lord how much you ought to give, and mind the response. Do n't complain of your minister for presenting objects of charity. Make your old coat do a little longer rather than rob God's poor, or drown the missionary cry, 'Come over and help us.'

"Never shove a responsibility or a duty off your own shoulder upon your neighbor, when you are able to do it.

"Do n't let the prospect of rain, or a warm sun, or dusty roads, keep you from the house of God. Be whole-day worshippers.

"Finally, brethren, farewell; be perfect;

be of good comfort; be of one mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace be with you.

SAMUEL MORSE."

CHAPTER XIX.

SUMMARY.

We have seen that Deacon Morse loved both the sanctuary and vineyard of the Lord. And it may be inferred that he was a constant and consistent supporter of their institutions. Even when he was overruled by his brethren in the church, or associates in the parish, he never was the man to desert his post, and leave others to bear the burthens alone. Indeed, in such an ardent love and reverence for the house of God and its ordinances, it is easy to find the true secret of his consistency and steadfastness. He was a firm friend of his minister. And though he might give signs of disappointment and sadness when his pastor did not entirely agree

with him in opinion and plans of usefulness, yet his habit was to yield his own judgment. Many a time also did he go to his pastor, especially when he thought he was tried in his circumstances, to tender his sympathy, encourage him to persevere in duty, and propose a season of social prayer. In this very way, he made his pastor feel careful how he differed from him, and, especially, how he opposed any proposition of Deacon Morse. And all deacons, as well as other Christians, may learn from his example how to influence ministers or any of their fellow disciples.

But Deacon Morse was not a sectarian. Mere denominational ties sat lightly upon him. He loved all who bore the image of his Saviour, and was sure to be attracted by Christians of whatever name, who were actuated by a zeal for worship and work similar to his own. He would rather be at work with those who would work in another

denomination than to be doing nothing in his own to promote the cause of the great Master. And his friendly regard, particularly for the Baptists, was no doubt increased by the fact of his parents becoming Baptists, and two of his brothers Baptist ministers; and also, the fact that there was a Baptist church in his own neighborhood, the meetings of which it was frequently convenient and pleasant for him to attend, especially after he began to feel the infirmities of age. Yet he retained a predominant attachment to his own church, and remained a Congregationalist to the end of life.

In theology, he was orthodox. And though not extensively read in the systems, but reasoning out of the Scriptures, and his own deep experience, he generally distinguished well the fundamental doctrines of divine grace. He firmly believed in human depravity, atonement by the death and sufferings of Christ, justification by faith, the

necessity of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and the eternity of future rewards and punishments. But if there was any thing peculiar about him in this regard, it was, as may have been already inferred, that he was more inclined than many of his brethren to *vitalize* the doctrines. He deeply felt the obligation, and labored constantly to make them more and more practical. He was scrupulous to maintain the sentiment of human ability. He was thoroughly imbued with the principle that faith without works is dead. If possible, he seemed to like the dogmatic teachings of James better than those of Paul. At the same time he drew his chief inspiration from the example and laborious life of the great apostle to the Gentiles. Hence in all the social meetings of his brethren, if he thought any were inclined to repose too much upon divine sovereignty and the grace of God, he was sure to interpose his influence in favor of

human obligation and duty to make use of all appropriate means; insisting that Christians must be co-workers together with Christ, if they would witness the progress of divine truth, and secure the salvation of men. Hence his religion was eminently practical. It seemed to amount with him at times even to a passion. For after he became too weak to be abroad at all, he would be out often against the remonstrances of friends, distributing tracts, exhorting and praying with and for his neighbors.

Long after his friends were convinced that his active labor on earth was done, he continued to indulge and express the hope to do yet more for his Master. But when he was obliged to give up, he found much relief in communing with those spirits who had been most active in the vineyard of the Lord, reading the accounts of their labors. Whitefield had ever been, among modern ministers, his great favorite. And

in his last days, and while confined to his sick room, he derived much satisfaction from the sermons of Spurgeon. But he never lost sight of his beau ideal of true Christian character in the humbler and more private walks of life. An incident, by way of illustration, occurred on his dying bed, and when, to all appearance, he must soon expire. He was almost beyond the power of utterance. His pastor, who was at his bedside, endeavored to comfort and cheer him with the glorious prospect immediately before him, by saying, "You will soon be with Jesus Christ, and I trust there is no being in the universe whom you so ardently desire to see, and whose presence would give you so much pleasure." He faintly responded, in substance, "None but Christ." Then his pastor said again, "You will also be glad to see Abraham, Daniel and Paul." He nodded assent, adding, in distinct tones, "And there is Harlan Page, too, I want to see

him." And so he died, a lingering, painful death, expressing, as his last and most earnest desire, that he might, in some way, live to do good after he was dead, and praying that Christians, in the common walks of life, might realize more deeply their obligation and ability, even though possessed of limited talents and small mental culture, to accomplish more than they do for the advancement of the cause of Christ in the world.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ESTIMATE.

Every character, like an account-book, has its debt and credit side, and, to be rightly estimated, needs its balance-sheet. It is the case with some, that their accounts have been kept so irregularly that it is difficult to strike the balance, and to say whether they comprise more of good or evil, or to decide whether they are Christian or unchristian. In some, it is easy to see that that which is evil and unchristian decidedly preponderates, while in others the balance is just as plainly in favor of what is good and Christian. Or rather, while all mankind are by nature bankrupt, — morally worse than nothing, — so that the books foot up decidedly against

every one, some are able, and others are unable, to exhibit the endorsement, provided in the gospel, which perfectly cancels the account with Him to whom all men owe their life and salvation, without anything to pay. It is therefore a mistake to judge of one's character by any single act or even page in his life's day-book. The great question will turn on the final settlement, as to whether any, of all our sinful race, have or have not found an interest in Jesus Christ, our *surety*.

We have a saying that "one swallow does not make a summer;" no more does a thaw in January. That is, we do not infer that summer has come because we see a stray swallow in April, much less because the mercury happens to rise to 70° some day in January. Neither does a snow-bird or a frost make winter. That is, we should not infer that winter had come though we should happen to see a chicadedee, or the mercury falling to 30° in July. Nay, it is not the

swallow at all that makes the summer, nor frost the winter.

Thus it is just as true, that, as summer birds and winter frosts may be out of season, so individual opinions and deeds may be out of character. A bad man may perform a good deed, and be a bad man still. So a good man, and even a Christian, as, alas! many a one has often done, may be left to perform a wrong act, and be a Christian still. The deed, it is true, is just as bad as if performed by a wicked man, and its influence all the worse in proportion to the goodness of the doer. Judas was a wicked man. Peter was a true Christian disciple. But neither did the treachery of the former, nor the latter's denial of his Master, impart to them their respective characters. Judas acted in character like a frost in winter, while Peter acted out of character, like a frost in summer. So the Bible estimates

character. And so the common sense of mankind soberly and practically judges.

Now, as it may be said more or less of every Christian, whatever may have been the failings of Deacon Morse, they did not indicate his real character. They were blemishes, and, it may be, sins; but they were out of character. Defects incident to his temperament, or constitution, and limited culture, were even magnified by contrast with his usual Christian zeal. It is true that the vulgar would sometimes ridicule him. Sceptics would exaggerate his faults, and eat them as they eat bread. And his fellow Christians might occasionally call in question the wisdom of his plans and modes of operation. Nevertheless, his influence, after abating all detractions, was that of a sincere, devout, and ardent Christian. The sober and mature convictions of his fellow citizens are that his failings were far outweighed by his earnest Christian faithful-

ness and perseverance. And now, that whatever of unfavorable peculiarity in his personal manners is removed, his influence will live only to promote the great cause of Christ and humanity which he so faithfully served. The impression which he made so favorably for good, while living, will be felt all the more powerfully now that he is dead.

Colonel V—— was a townsman with Deacon Morse. They grew up together from their youth. The Colonel was a man gifted by nature with uncommon powers of mind, well informed, the wealthiest man in the town during his day, and held important offices, both in the town and State Councils. He was one of the shrewdest observers, and a good judge of character. And to show his appreciation of the Christian character and worth of Deacon Morse, he once said, with much seriousness, to the writer of these pages: "I would give all that I possess in this world, if I was as good a man, and as fit to die, as I

think Deacon Morse is." And to illustrate the esteem in which he was held by the young, it is related by one of a company of boys, who were proposing to play some unhandsome trick upon one of the Deacon's sons, that a part of them interposed, and put a stop to it, because they "would not have a son of Deacon Morse imposed upon." So the boy escaped something probably not very agreeable for the time, by virtue of the regard of some of his companions for his good and venerable father. And all children may learn, from the incident, their indebtedness to Christian parents.

The following letter from Rev. William Warren, formerly of Upton, now an agent of the American Board of Missions, shows the impression which Deacon Morse had left upon his mind:

"GORHAM, Me., June 18, 1860.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

"I am glad to know that you are preparing memorials of Deacon Morse. In all the circle of my acquaintance, I have never known the man more deeply imbued with the Christian spirit, or more faithfully employed in his Master's service, than he. * * *

"His letters to my children were marked with deep solicitude for their temporal and spiritual welfare. He wrote without reference to style or literary accuracy, but in a most serious, tender, but earnest and searching strain, such as left a deep impression, both upon children and their parents. The spirit of his letters was above the constraints of style, or any thing of the kind.

"His only visit at my house was made while I was absent from home. A terrible thunder shower occured while he was there, continuing for a long time. It was a scene of

great grandeur and terror. The lightning struck several times near by. But his presence seemed as an angel of protection. He was calm and happy; he conversed with the children one by one during that terrible hour. He spoke to them of the great God who made the earth to tremble, and of their safety only in the ark of salvation. After he had conversed with each of them tenderly and faithfully, he sang and prayed in the family, and commended them all to God. Such an exhibition of Christian calmness and faithfulness in such an hour of terror, made an impression upon my family that the lapse of time will never obliterate.

"I do not recollect to have known the man whose piety was so inoffensive to the impenitent, and yet urgent and over-flowing with faithfulness to them. He was so gentle, so unaffected, so unselfish, so unpresuming, so meek, and childlike, and charitable, that he disarmed prejudice and opposition in a

moment. I regarded him as walking upon the high places of the earth.

"He seemed as one who stood upon an eminence of influence, and attainment. I often felt that if the church on earth were like him and reflected the image of Christ as faithfully as he did, that the prevalence of religion would be sure and speedy.

In haste, yours most truly,

W. WARREN."

The following lines were addressed personally to Deacon Morse during his last illness, and when, to all appearance, he could not long survive. They were written by a young lady of Hopkinton, herself an invalid, who had for years been a member of the Sabbath School, under the deacon's superintendence. And they well express the feelings of his friends at the time, and constitute a fitting close to this narrative :

"Farewell, dear friend, thou 'rt going home;
Thine earthly toils are o'er;
And Jesus waits to welcome thee,
Upon the heavenly shore.

"Farewell, dear friend, the day-star beams,
To light thine upward way;
And while we grieve to part with thee,
We cannot bid thee stay.

"But though we see thy face no more,
While earthly scenes remain,
And, as we speak the last fond words,
Our spirits thrill with pain, —

"Thy deeds of love, still unforgot,
Shall dwell within our souls,
And friendship keep the record bright,
As time still onward rolls.

"The youthful band, whom thou so long
Hast led in paths of peace,
As future years around them throng,
And toils and cares increase,

"The sacred memory of thy name
Within their souls shall keep, —
A glorious and enduring fame,
When thou in death shalt sleep.

"Then, though our lips may say 'Farewell,'
Yet love's dear hand hath twined
Our spirits with a golden cord,
Which death cannot unbind."

23 July 1 91.

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